

FEATURING ★ DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL APRIL

# BLUE BOLT

10¢

BLUE BOLT

VOL 4  
NO. 9







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

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## CALLING ALL SCRAPPERS! ! ! !

Dear Gang:

Do you want to do more to help end this war by sweating for your Uncle Sam? We think you do! Here is your chance, and we mean your big chance, to really "sweat it out." Your Uncle Sam has to have BOMB BANDS, PRACTICE BOMBS, AIRPLANE WINGTIPS, AIRPLANE SIGNALS, PARACHUTE FLARES, AMMUNITION CHESTS, MEDICINE CHESTS, SHELL PROTECTORS, SHELL CONTAINERS, and other WAR WEAPONS that are made from waste paper. That scrap paper must be collected before it can become a war weapon.

The boys and girls of America are the ones who can do this job best and your Uncle is counting on you to be an American and see that this big job is not muffed.

There is a very severe shortage of paper. Men who used to cut it in our forests are in the Army. Countries from which we used to obtain a large part of our pulp wood to make paper, such as Norway, are now under Axis rule. We've got to salvage our waste paper to make up for the lost sources of supply or we won't have enough for our war efforts.

Secondary to the war effort but nevertheless important is the fact that there is not enough paper for magazines and newspapers. All magazine publishers are now reduced to only three-quarters of the paper that they used in 1942. That's why many of you can't find your **BLUE BOLT** on the newsstands if you get there a day or two late. There's not enough to go around because there's not enough paper.

The boys and girls of America can now prove to Uncle Sam's War Production Board how important a help they are in helping to win the war. You can prove it by collecting every bit of scrap paper from old newspapers and magazines, used cartons and grocery bags to gum wrappers in your neighborhood. Turn this in to your waste paper collection headquarters whether it be a junk man, your school, or Civilian Defense Headquarters. Scour your house from cellar to attic and get your neighbors to scour theirs. Don't wait! Start now! Flatten your cardboard cartons, empty your wastepaper basket scrap into burlap bags and bundle your magazines and newspapers.

Scrap paper is worth money. You can thus sell what you have collected. So after the physical work is done and you have your money, follow this blow to the Axis jaw by one to the solar plexus. Use the money to buy War Stamps and Bonds!

Cordially,

THE EDITORS.



# DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX

## THE GREAT JERO



PRINCE OF HYPNOTISTS!  
HYPNOTIZER OF PRINCES!

HE SUSPENDS YOU IN MID AIR-  
HE MAKES A LION INTO A LAMB-  
HE MAKES YOU SING-LAUGH-  
SLEEP-DANCE-WEEP-RAGE!!  
**ABSOLUTELY NO ILL AFFECTS!**  
TWO SHOWS - MATINEE AND  
NIGHT. THIS SATURDAY **ONLY**.  
PRIVATE PARTIES ARRANGED.  
**THRILLS! LAUGHS!**

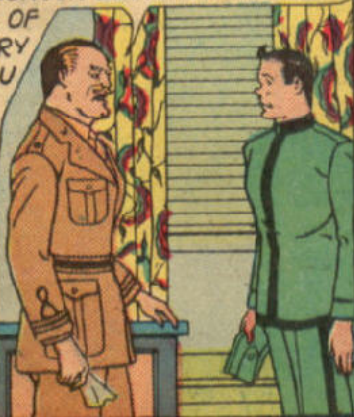
HM-M-M. I WONDER  
HOW MUCH THERE  
IS TO HYPNOTISM,  
SIMBA?

I DON'T KNOW, DICK. THERE  
SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING  
TO IT. MAYBE WE CAN COME  
OVER AGAIN FROM  
SCHOOL SATURDAY  
AND FIND OUT.

OST  
NO  
LLS

FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN MAJOR FARR'S  
OFFICE AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.

CADET ALBERT ANGLE, I FIND I MUST SUS-  
TAIN PROFESSOR BLUNK'S CHARGES. YOU  
HAVE CHEATED AND LIED. THEREFORE  
YOU CAN NO LONGER BE A MEMBER OF THE  
CADET CORPS OF  
FARR MILITARY  
ACADEMY. YOU  
WILL LEAVE  
ON THE SUN-  
DAY TRAIN  
FOR YOUR  
HOME. I'M  
WIRING  
YOUR PAR-  
ENTS THE  
DETAILS. -  
DISMISSED!



CANNED! I'LL GET EVEN  
WITH THAT BLUNK BE-  
FORE I! HELLO. CENTER-  
VIEW CAB? PLEASE SEND  
A CAB TO FARR M.A. IM-  
MEDIATELY. NAME IS AL-  
BERT ANGLE. I'LL BE AT  
THE GATES.



TWO HOURS LATER  
IN CENTERVIEW.

— THIS SATURDAY ONLY.  
PRIVATE PARTIES—AH!  
I'VE AN IDEA! I'LL BET  
JERO STOPS AT THE  
GRAND HOTEL. FEET!  
GET GOIN'!



1



AT THE GRAND HOTEL.

HELLO. ROOM 305? MR. JERO? MR. ANGLE FROM FARR ACADEMY TO SEE YOU..... SEND HIM UP?

OKAY. ROOM 305.

AH! MR. ANGLE. YOU WANT A PRIVATE PARTY AT THE ACADEMY, YES?

HEY! HOW'D YOU KNOW??  
WELL, WE WANT TO PLAY A JOKE ON A PROFESSOR. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU AS MY UNCLE, YOU STRUT YOUR STUFF, AND WE PAY OUR LIMIT-\$50.00  
ALL RIGHT?

\$50.00? MM-M. IT'S A DEAL!  
TOMORROW AFTER THE MATINEE ALL RIGHT?

SCHOOL GATES AT FIVE-THIRTY SHARP. HERE'S \$10 ON ACCOUNT. GOOD BYE. NOW - AND THANK YOU.

FINE!  
I'LL MEET YOU AT THE

THE NEXT AFTERNOON IN PROFESSOR BLUNK'S ROOM.

MR. ANGLE, YOUR NEPHEW BRINGS YOU HERE AT A VERY POOR TIME. MAJOR FARR IS IN THE CITY AND ONLY HE CAN-ER-GAWB-WHA-YOU-DO-UH-A-AH!

GOAT! YOU-ARE-A-GOAT-GOAT-GOAT! FOOD! GO!

HA-HA-HA-HAW!  
THE OLD GOAT!

LET'S TRAIL HIM AND SEE THE FUN-

BLA-A-A-T!  
I'M A GOAT!  
I'M A GOAT!  
BLAT!

BUT AS ALBERT GLEEFULLY FOLLOWS THE PROFESSOR, JERO SLIPS BACK INTO THE ROOM-

CAN'T LOCK THE DOOR-HAVE TO WORK FAST. MUST BE MONEY AROUND.

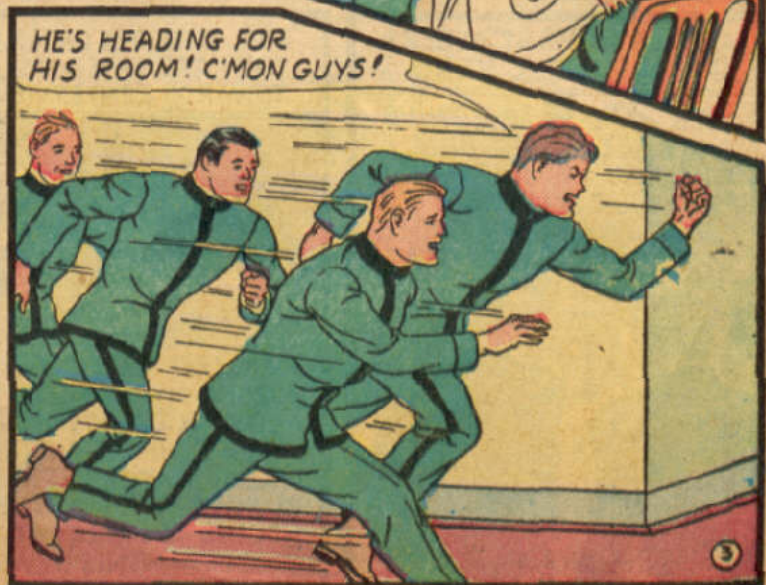
SIMBA, IN HASTE TO SEE PROFESSOR BLUNK BEFORE MESS, BURSTS IN-

PARDON MY BURST-HEY! WHO ARE YOU? GET OUT OF THAT! I'LL FIX-

ER-GUG-YOU-YOU-UH-THIEF!  
A-A-A-H!

STATUE! YOU-ARE-A-STONE  
STATUE! STATUE!  
YOU-CAN-NOT-MOVE!





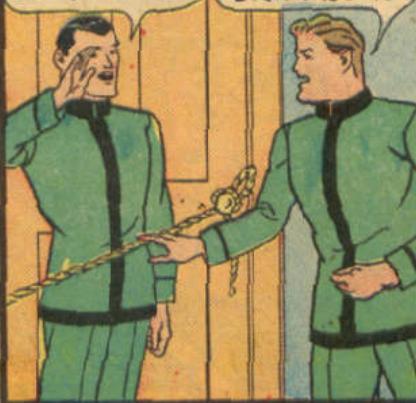


BOB! GET A ROPE! WE'LL TIE HIM IN UNTIL MAJOR FARR GETS BACK!



TEN MINUTES LATER-

THAT'LL HOLD HIM. BOB, STAND GUARD. I'M GOING TO THE INFIRMARY FOR DR. MASON.



OUTSIDE, SLIPRY COMES BACK FROM AN ERRAND

SAAY! WHO'S THAT SKINNIN' OUT OF BLUNK'S WINDOW? HEY, YOU!



I DON'T LIKE YOUR LOOKS SO YOU JUST COME WITH ME AND NO MONKEY BUSINESS-



IF YOU-AWK! UH-KNOW-GA-BLP-MONKEY! THAT'S IT! YOU-ARE-A-MONKEY! GET UP THAT TREE-MONK!



AT THIS MOMENT, ALBERT APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

YOUR HAND BILLS ARE FALLING FROM YOUR POCKET. HEY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE? NEVER MIND THE BILLS. I JUST MADE A MONKEY OUT OF A CADET. LET'S BEAT IT TO THE CAR.

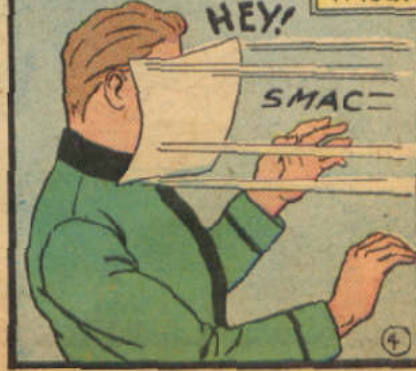


FIVE MINUTES LATER THEY ARE SPEEDING TOWARDS CENTERVIEW



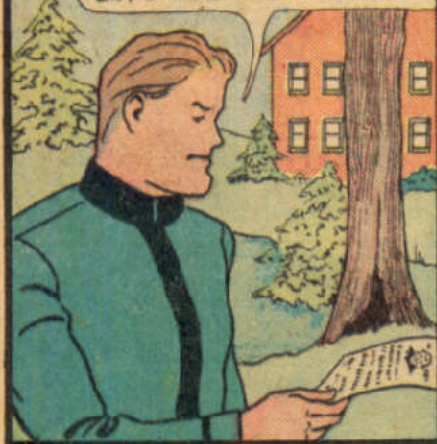
AND JERO TELLS ALBERT HOW HE HYPNOTIZED ANOTHER CADET (SIMBA), LEAVING HIM STANDING LIKE A STATUE IN PROF. BLUNK'S ROOM. ALBERT BEGINS TO WORRY AT THIS NEWS-

MEANWHILE, DICK HURRIES FOR DR. MASON. AS HE PASSES PROF. BLUNK'S ROOM AT THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING, A SUDDEN BREEZE BLOWS A PAPER INTO HIS FACE.





NOW WHERE DID THIS BRAN' NEW-UCK-O! SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT PHOTO. LET'S SEE-HOLY CATS!—



"THE GREAT JERO—HM!—PRINCE OF HYPNOTISTS—LION INTO A LAMB—NO ILL AFFECTS. PRIVATE—" HOLY COW! JERO'S BEEN HERE! THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG WITH PROFESSOR BLUNK! I'LL-WHAT'S—THAT?



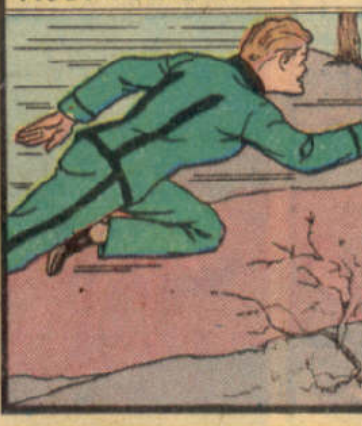
CHP-CHP-CHP! I'MA MONK-MONK-MONKEY! CHP-CHP I'MA MONKEY! CHP-CHP! MONKEY! MONKEY!



SLIPRY! COME DOWN! IT'S DICK! OH, IT'S NO USE! JERO'S GOT HIM TOO! I GOT TO GET THAT DARNED HYPNOTIST BACK HERE QUICK!

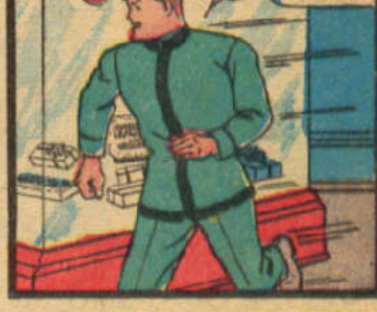


THERE'S A CENTERVIEW BUS FROM THE JUNCTION IN TWENTY MINUTES. I MUST MAKE IT!



DICK MAKES THE BUS AND AN HOUR LATER IS IN CENTERVIEW.

HE PROBABLY STOPS AT THE GRAND HOTEL. I'LL TRY THERE FIRST.



YES, SIR. ROOM 305. HIS ACT IS ON NOW BUT HE'LL BE BACK IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR.

THANK YOU. I'LL JUST WAIT AROUND.



DICK SLIPS UP TO THE NEXT FLOOR. CHECKS THE ROOM NUMBER SEQUENCE, THEN GOES OUT THE BACK WAY TO THE REAR OF THE HOTEL

1-2-3-4-THAT DARK WINDOW SHOULD BE JERO'S ROOM. HERE GOES.



DICK CLIMBS THE FIRE ESCAPE AND SETTLES DOWN TO A COLD WAIT.

BR-R-R-R- WISH I HAD MY COAT!



AT LAST—



HALF AN HOUR PASSES, THEN  
JERO AND ALBERT ENTER THE  
ROOM-

HERE'S THE REST OF  
YOUR FEE, BUT SAY,  
I ONLY WANTED YOU  
TO HYPNOTIZE

PROFESSOR  
BLUNK!

I HAD TO  
FIX THOSE  
OTHERS. WE  
WILL SLIP BACK  
TO-NIGHT AND RE-  
LEASE ALL OF 'EM.  
THANKS.



THAT BOY IN THE TREE  
MAY BE DIFFICULT TO-  
P-S-S-T! I SENSE THAT  
WE ARE BEING SPY-  
ED UPON!



RIGHT YOU ARE!  
YOU BUZZARDS!  
YOU'RE  
COMING  
BACK TO  
FARR  
WITH  
ME!

DICK COLE!  
FIX HIM  
PROFESSOR!  
QUICK!



SNAKE! YOU-ARE-A-  
SLIMY, GREEN SNAKE!  
CRAWL! SNA-

AND IF-UH-  
GULP! HEH!  
NO-YOU--AGH-  
DON'T!



EXERTING ALL HIS WILL, DICK JABS  
FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH-AND-



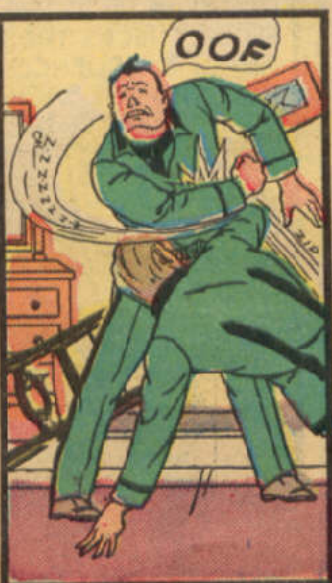
YOU!?  
WHY-I-  
YOU-

NOT ME, DEARIE!  
YOU KNOCKED  
YOUR PAL OUT!

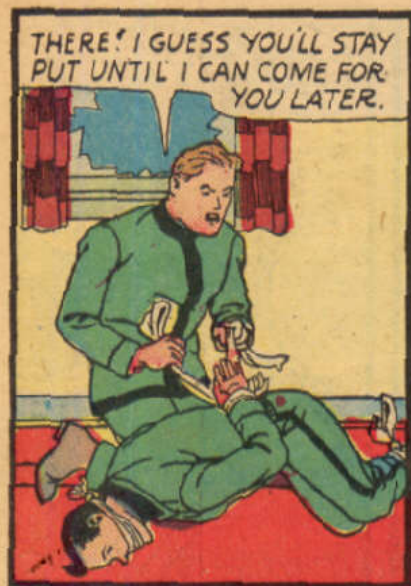


I WON'T MISS  
THIS TIME!

SOC!









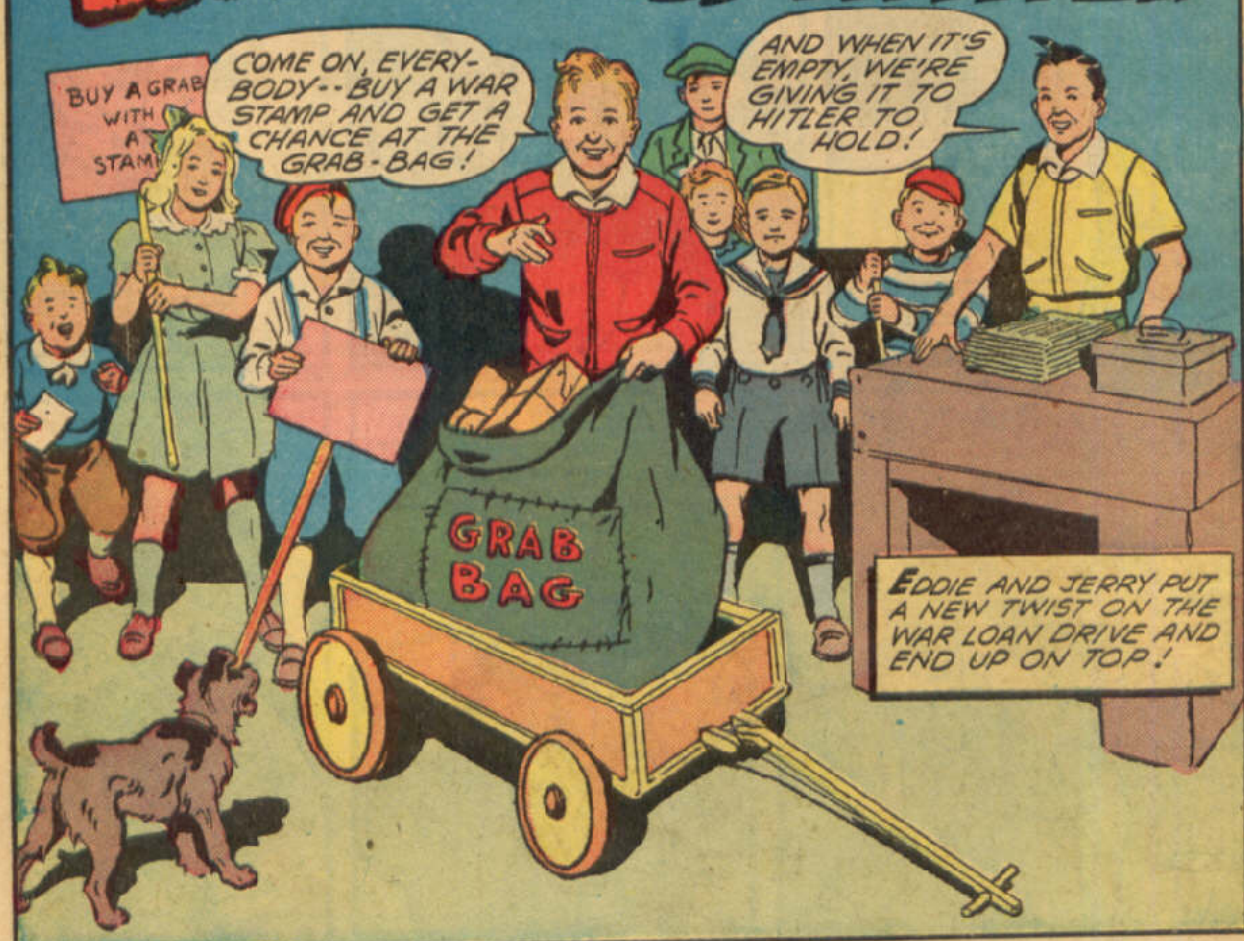








# EDISON BELL



EVERYTHING STARTS AT A CLASS MEETING IN THE LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL ...

THIS IS A CONTEST BETWEEN SCHOOLS TO SEE WHO CAN SELL THE MOST WAR STAMPS ...

WELL, I LIKE YOUR GRAB BAG IDEA, EDDIE, BUT-- ?

YEAH-- WHAT CAN WE PUT IN IT? MOST OF OUR STUFF WAS DONATED TO THE SCRAP DRIVES!

I KNOW, JIMMY.

OF COURSE, WE CAN MAKE SOME THINGS FOR THE BAG, BUT I THINK WE CAN PERSUADE THE LOCAL MERCHANTS TO DONATE SMALL PRIZES TO THE CAUSE!





JERRY, SUPPOSE YOU TAKE CHARGE OF GETTING DONATIONS, AND I'LL GET SOME OF THE KIDS STARTED ON MAKING SOME GADGETS!

OKAY, EDDIE, WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT WE BRING IN!

DON'T FORGET TO GET ONLY SMALL STUFF!

AND DON'T YOU START BUILDING ANY MOTORBOATS!



IN EDDIE'S WORKSHOP ...

THINK YOU'LL HAVE ANY TROUBLE FOLLOWING THOSE DESIGNS?

HEAVENS, NO, EDDIE!

THIS IS FUN!



MEANWHILE -

TRY ALL THE STORES, FELLOWS, YOU NEVER KNOW!

JEWELRY



JERRY HITS THE JACKPOT ...

WELL, HERE'S AN OLD - FASHIONED GOLD WATCH I'VE HAD IN HERE FOR YEARS, JERRY! COULDN'T LET IT GO FOR A BETTER CAUSE!

GOLLY, MR. CUTTER - THAT'S GREAT!

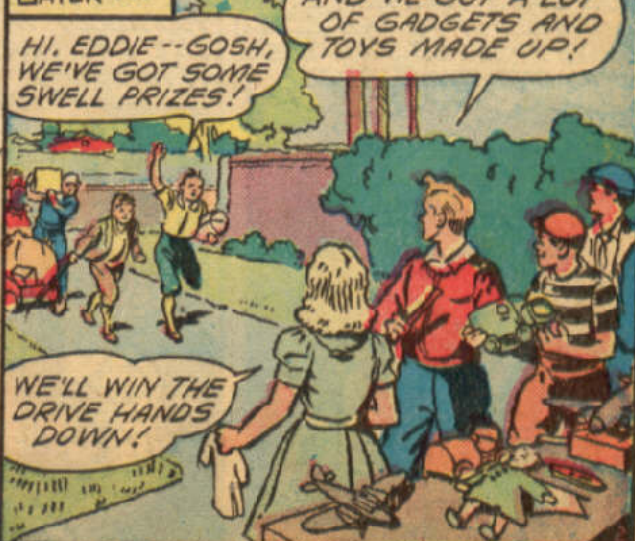


LATER ...

HI, EDDIE - GOSH, WE'VE GOT SOME SWELL PRIZES!

AND WE GOT A LOT OF GADGETS AND TOYS MADE UP!

WE'LL WIN THE DRIVE HANDS DOWN!





THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS THE DRIVE OFFICIALLY OPENS ...

QUITE AN IDEA, KIDS!

OH, I CAN'T RESIST GRAB BAGS!

BUY A STAMP AND TAKE NO CHANCE!

ONE TWENTY-FIVE CENT STAMP--HERE YOU ARE!

HAVE YOU GOT ANY DOLLS IN IT, JERRY?

CAN I PEEK, EDDIE?

OH, I CAN  
RESIST G  
7 BAGS!

BUY A STAMP  
AND TAKE NO  
CHANCE!

ONE TWENTY-FIVE CENT  
STAMP--HERE YOU ARE!

HAVE YOU GOT ANY  
DOLLS IN  
IT, JERRY?

CAN I PEEK,  
EDDIE?

LATER... (WHEW..THAT'S) CLEANED  
THE LAST OUT! LET'S  
GRAB FOR GET BACK TO  
TODAY! SCHOOL AND

GET BACK TO  
SCHOOL AND  
COUNT OUR  
RETURNS!

IT'S AN OLD-FASHIONED WATCH BUT I'D LIKE TO HAVE IT FOR MY SON! HE'S A MARINE BUT NOW HE'S COMING HOME... AND IT WAS HIS FATHER'S.

OH, YES --  
I SEE --

HOW CAN I TELL HER I  
DONATED IT TO THE BOND  
DRIVE? GUESS THERE'S  
ONLY ONE THING TO DO...

I'LL HAVE IT READY FOR YOU ABOUT THREE -- I'LL DELIVER IT MYSELF! OH, THANKS!

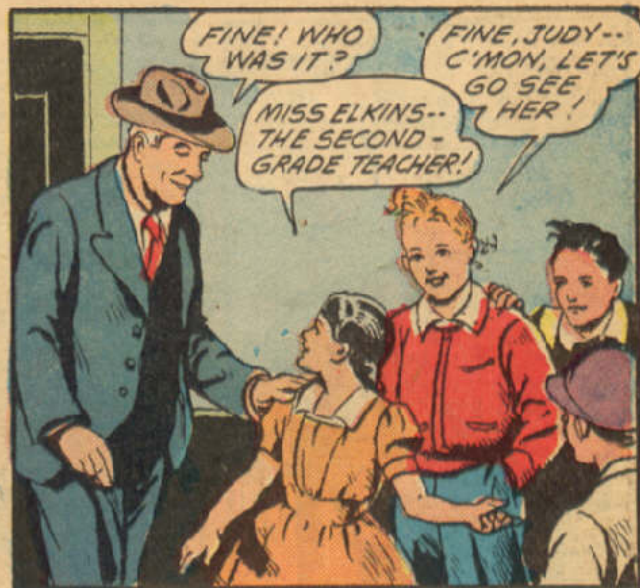
SELF! OH, THANK  
YOU! I HATE  
TO GO OUT, YOU  
SEE --- I'M  
EXPECTING MY  
SON ANY TIME!

- - SO YOU SEE, EDDIE,  
I'LL HAVE TO ASK FOR  
THE WATCH BACK! I'LL  
COME OVER TO...

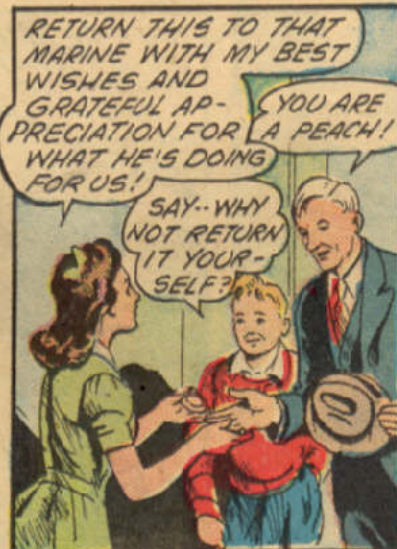
OH, GOLLY -  
OKAY!



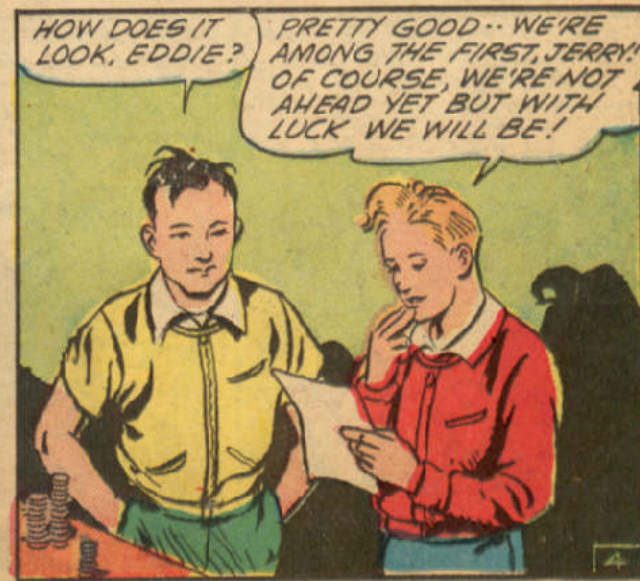
LATER, EDDIE EXPLAINS . . .



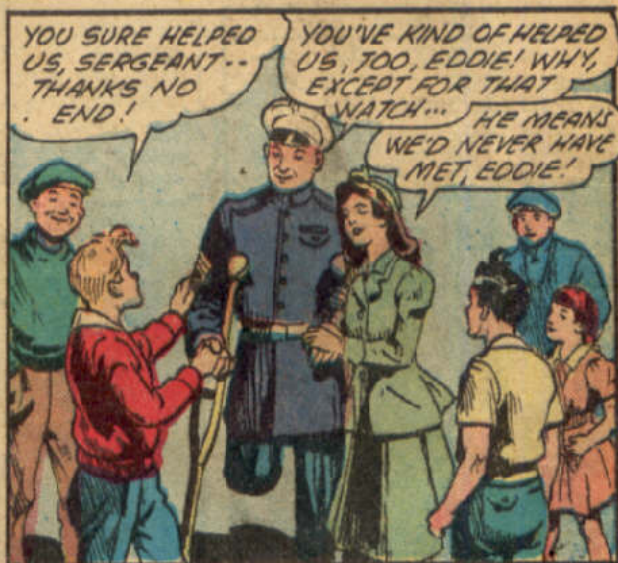
THE SEARCH IS ON . . .



BACK AT THE SCHOOL LATER --









# Edison Bell's

**H**ERE ARE A  
NUMBER OF EASY-  
TO-MAKE TOYS AND  
GADGETS WITH WHICH  
YOU AND YOUR PALS  
MAY CONDUCT A  
"GRAB BAG" WAR  
STAMP CAMPAIGN  
LIKE EDDIE DID!

By *Ray Hill*

# GRAB BAG!

## The SANTA MARIA

FLAT PIECES OF WOOD,  
PAPER SAILS, AND A  
FEW DOWELS MAKE  
A SWELL, SIMPLE,  
TABLE-TOP MODEL  
OF COLUMBUS'  
FAMOUS FLAGSHIP!



FULL VIEW



SIDE VIEW

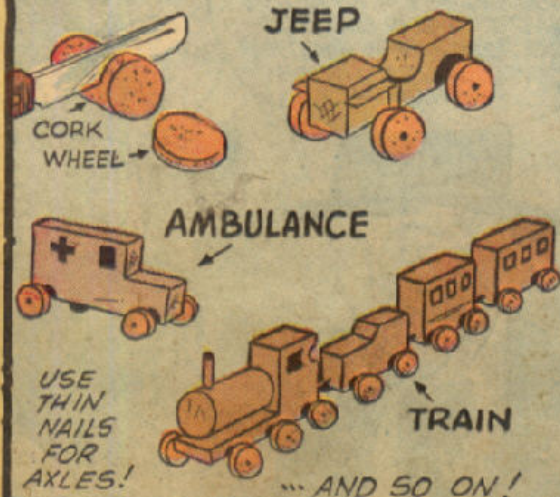
NOTE  
FLAT  
BOTTOM

TOP VIEW



## MORE FLAT WOOD TOYS

STANDARD 3/4 INCH FLAT PINE IS  
VERY EASY TO WORK WITH... SO  
THE FOLLOWING ROLLING TOYS...  
WITH SLICED-OFF CORKS FOR  
WHEELS... SHOULD BE ONLY THE  
BEGINNING!



JEEP

AMBULANCE

TRAIN

... AND SO ON!

## THESE ARE EASY TO MAKE TOO!

### PADDLE WHEEL BATTLE SHIP!

CUT NOTCH IN REAR  
OF FLAT BOARD  
AND INSERT SIMPLE  
PADDLE WHEEL ON  
STRONG RUBBER BAND.

WIND IT UP AND WATCH IT GO IN THE WATER!

TOOTH PICKS  
IN CORK



BEAD CORK

### DANCING TOP!

GLUE A BEAD AND CORK  
"BODY" ON YOUR OLD TOP  
WITH STRING FOR ARMS  
AND A CLOTH SKIRT.



### HITLER PIN CUSHION!

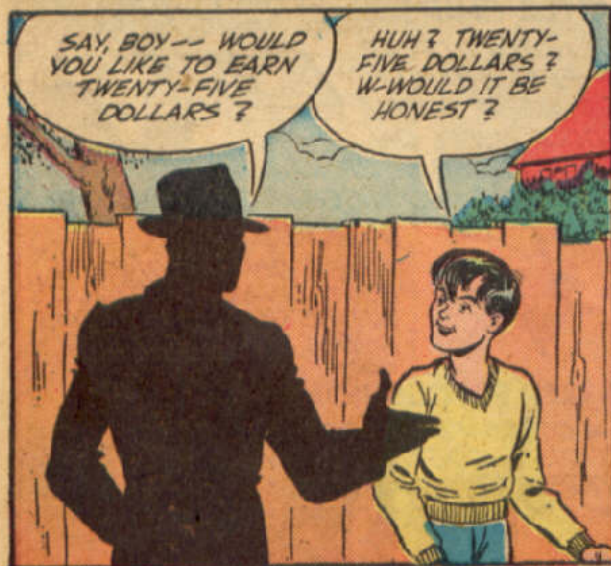
... A COTTON DOLL... CUT OUT  
TWO SILHOUETTES, SEW  
TOGETHER, AND STUFF!  
MAKES A SWELL "GRAB"!



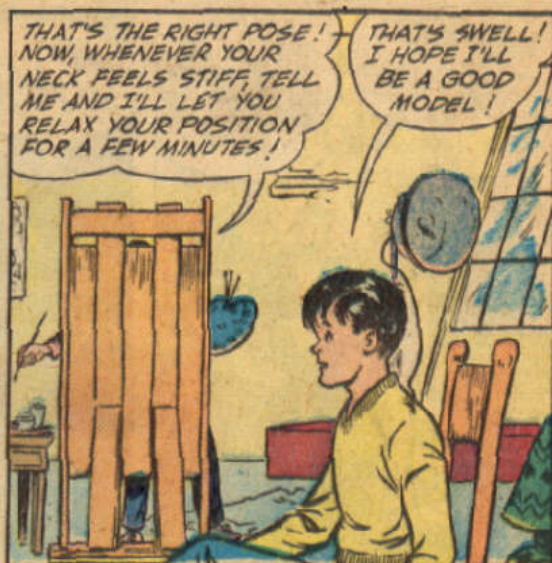
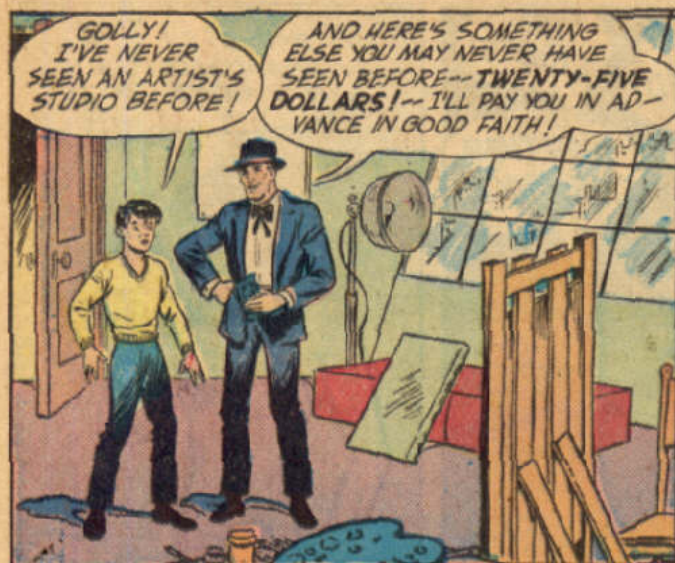
... AND DON'T FORGET... LOTS OF JUNK JEWELRY!



# Sergeant Spook







OUR STORY SHIFTS TO AN AFFAIR THAT IS BEING GIVEN IN THE HONOR OF COUNTESS SHEVLINSKY FROM POLAND!



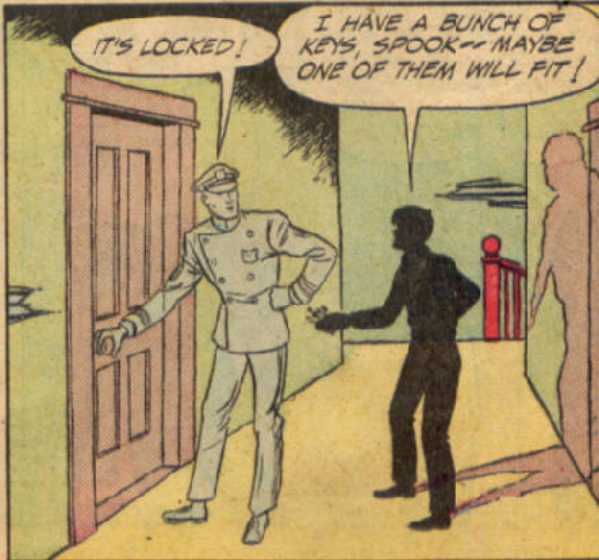
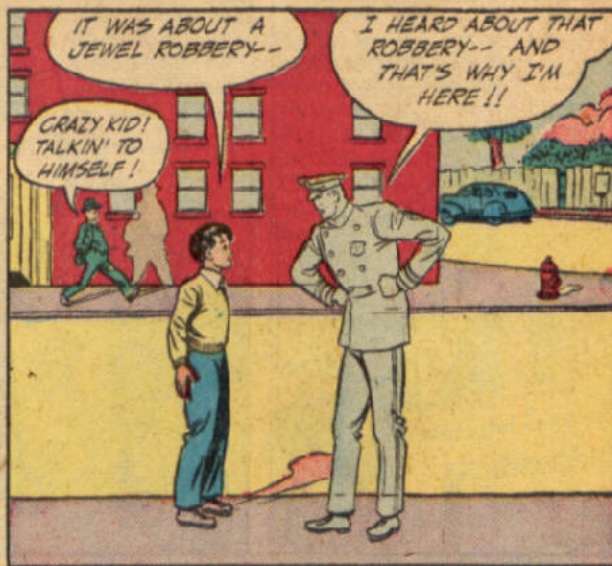
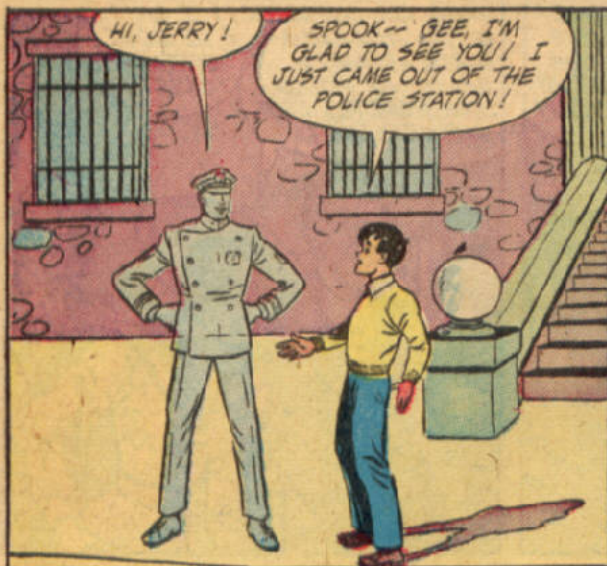




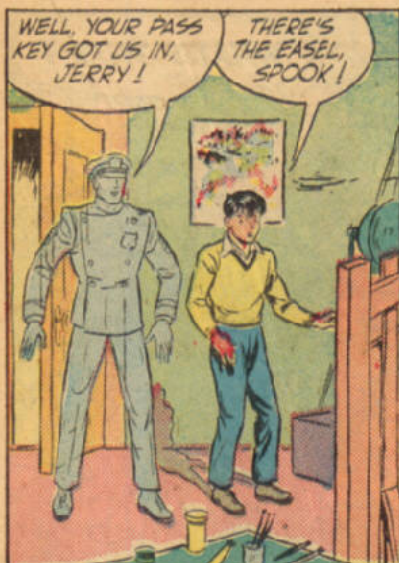












WELL, YOUR PASS KEY GOT US IN, JERRY!

THERE'S THE EASEL, SPOOK!

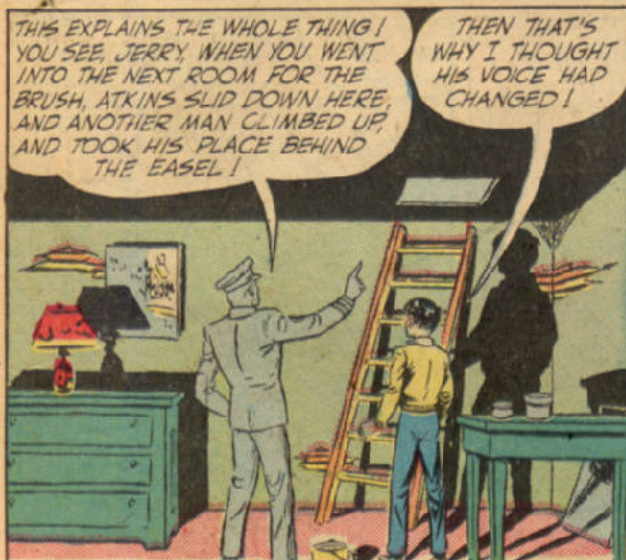


AH-- A BUTTON! -- THIS IS WHAT I HOPED TO FIND--



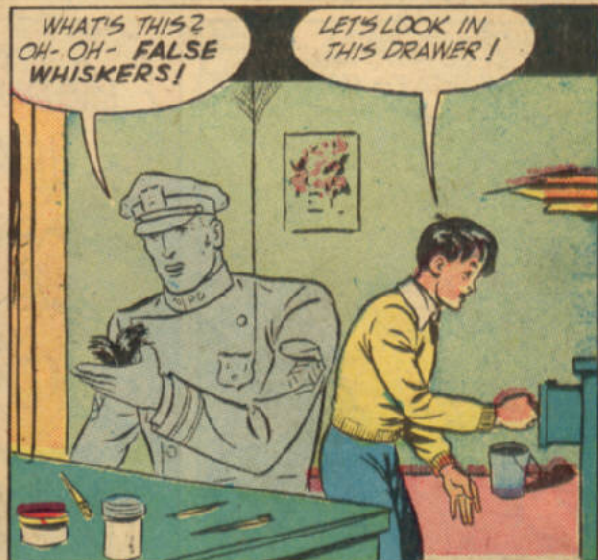
LOOK-- A TRAP DOOR SLID OPEN WHEN YOU PUSHED THE BUTTON!

LET'S GO DOWN, JERRY!



THIS EXPLAINS THE WHOLE THING! YOU SEE, JERRY, WHEN YOU WENT INTO THE NEXT ROOM FOR THE BRUSH, ATKINS SLID DOWN HERE, AND ANOTHER MAN CLIMBED UP, AND TOOK HIS PLACE BEHIND THE EASEL!

THEN THAT'S WHY I THOUGHT HIS VOICE HAD CHANGED!



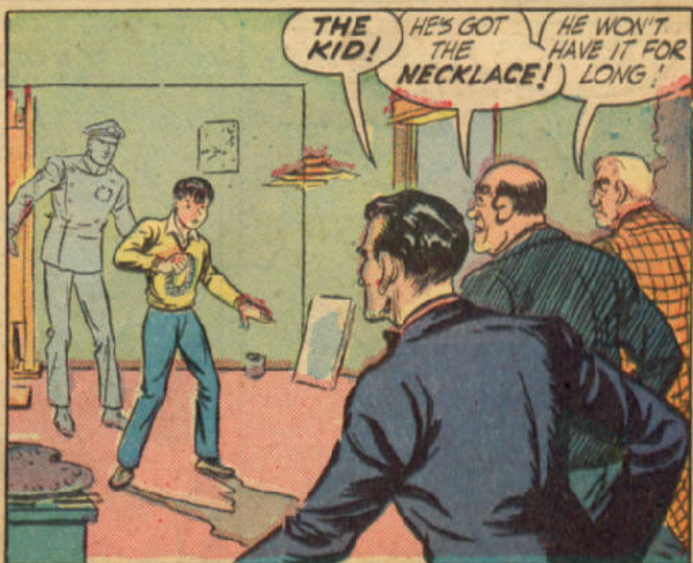
WHAT'S THIS? OH- OH- FALSE WHISKERS!

LET'S LOOK IN THIS DRAWER!



LOOK-- A NECKLACE!

WE'VE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR, JERRY!

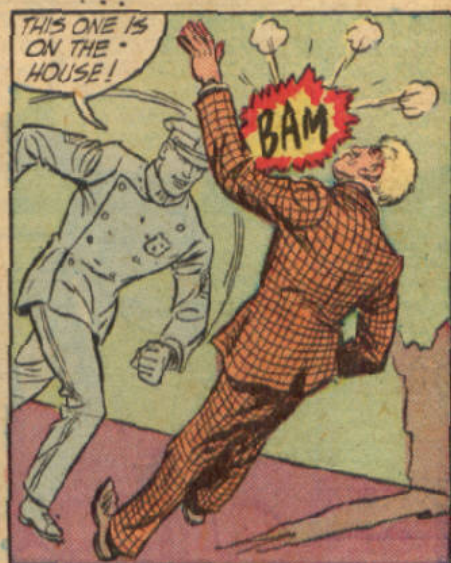
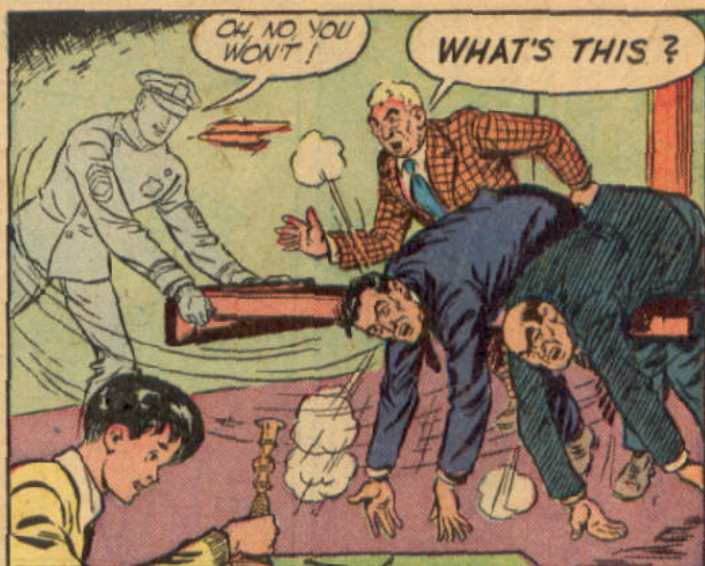


THE KID!

HE'S GOT THE NECKLACE!

HE WON'T HAVE IT FOR LONG!





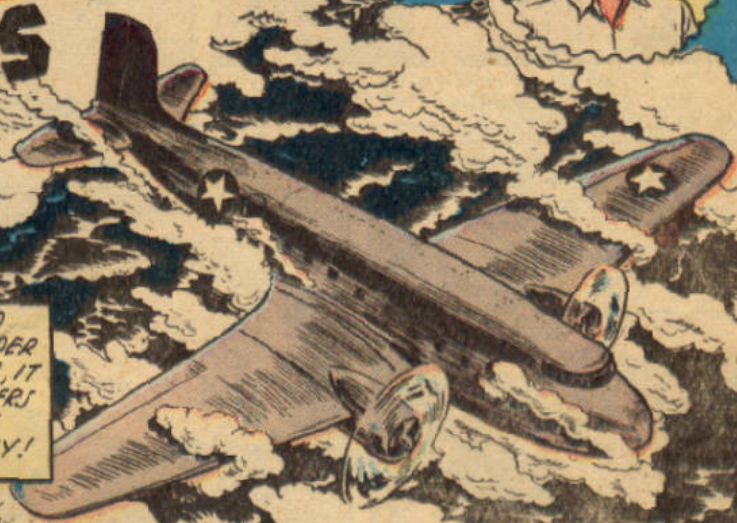




# OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

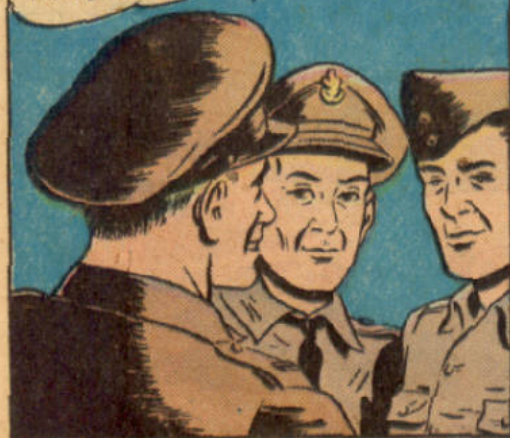


IT SEEMS, JOEY,  
THAT THE ALLIES  
TURN ALL THE  
REALLY TOUGH  
JOBS OVER TO  
THE C-47...



THIS PLANE, THE C-47 WAS USED  
TO TOW THE FIRST FREIGHT GLIDER  
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC... LATER, IT  
CARRIED AMERICAN PARATROOPERS  
FROM NORTH AFRICA TO MAKE  
THE FIRST LANDINGS ON SICILY!

IF WE COULD WORK OUT A  
GLIDER ROUTE ACROSS THE  
ATLANTIC, WE COULD  
TRANSPORT LARGE  
QUANTITIES OF  
MATERIAL!

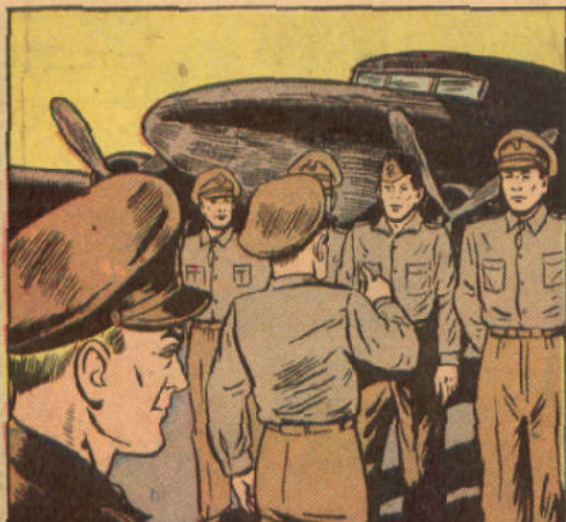


AT A CANADIAN AIRPORT...

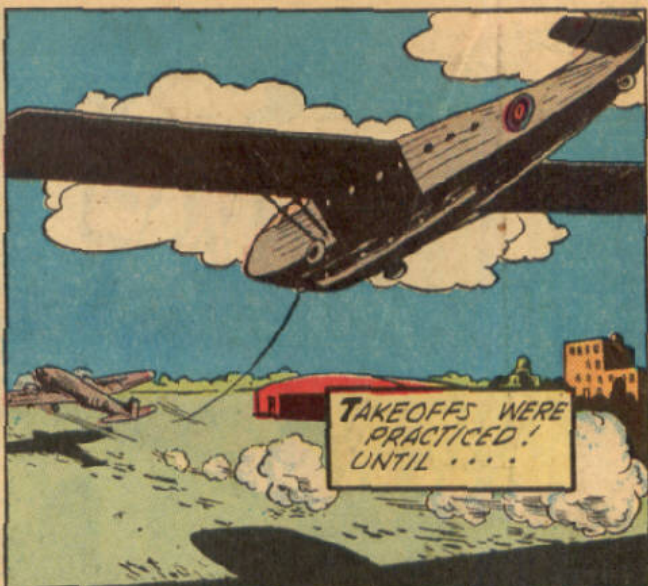


WELL, THERE'S THE  
PLANE THAT CAN DO  
IT... THE C-47!





A CREW, MADE UP OF AMERICANS, ENGLISHMEN AND CANADIANS, WAS CHOSEN FOR THE EXPERIMENT.



TAKEOFFS WERE PRACTICED! UNTIL . . .



GOSH, WE WOULD GET THE WORST WEATHER IN FIFTY YEARS TO WORK OUT IN.

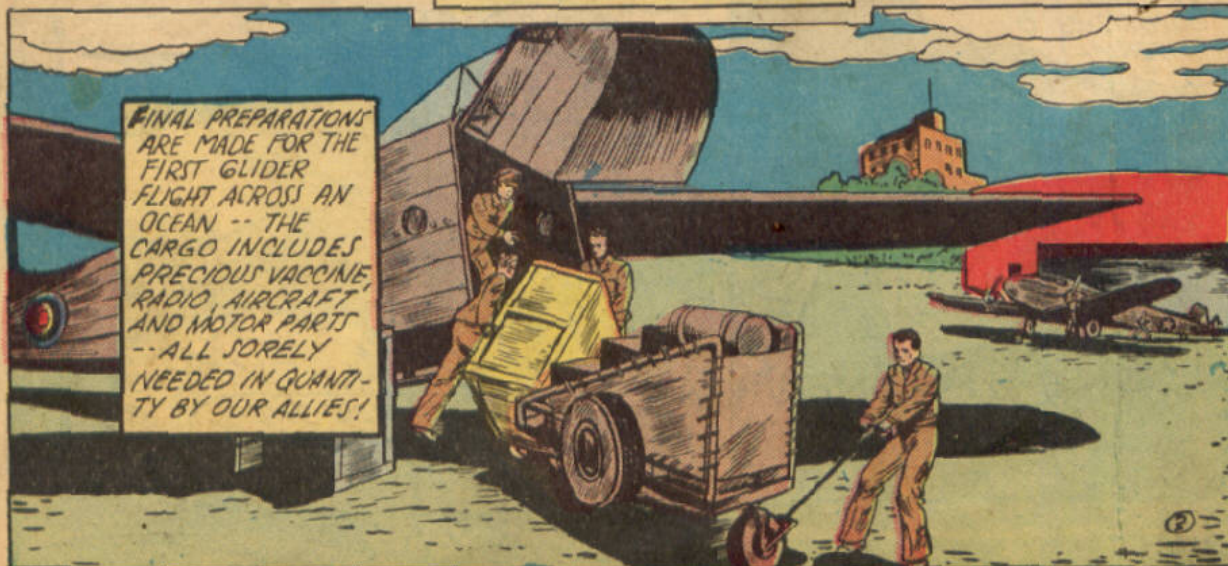


O.K. GLIDER-- CAST OFF! WE'RE HOME!

THE FINAL REHEARSAL HOP A FLIGHT OF 820 MILES-- WAS THE WORLD'S RECORD UP TO THAT POINT!

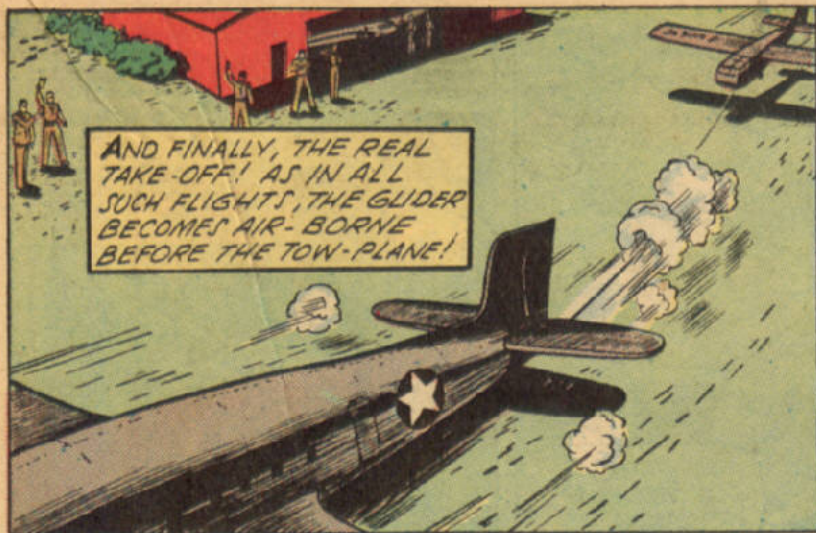


THE REPORTS ARE EXCELLENT, MEN-- OUR NEXT STEP WILL BE THE ATLANTIC ROUTE!

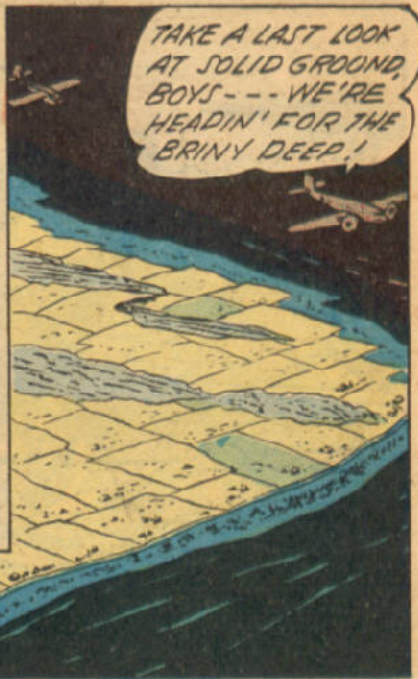


FINAL PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR THE FIRST GLIDER FLIGHT ACROSS AN OCEAN -- THE CARGO INCLUDES PRECIOUS VACCINE, RADIO, AIRCRAFT, AND MOTOR PARTS -- ALL SORELY NEEDED IN QUANTITY BY OUR ALLIES!

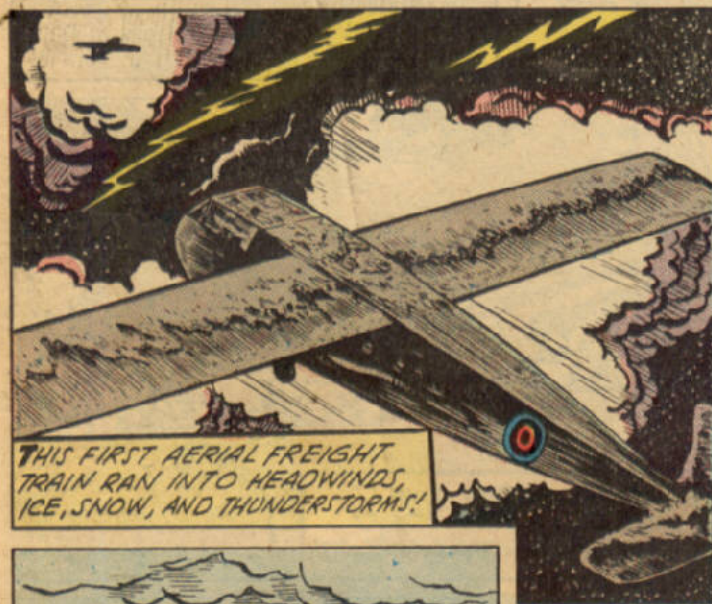




AND FINALLY, THE REAL TAKE-OFF! AS IN ALL SUCH FLIGHTS, THE GLIDER BECOMES AIR-BORNE BEFORE THE TOW-PLANE!



TAKE A LAST LOOK AT SOLID GROUND BOYS---WE'RE HEADIN' FOR THE BRINY DEEP!



THIS FIRST AERIAL FREIGHT TRAIN RAN INTO HEADWINDS, ICE, SNOW, AND THUNDERSTORMS!



I'M GOING DOWN--MAYBE WE CAN GET UNDER THIS STUFF!



AT ONE POINT OF THE ROUTE, THE PLANE, AND ITS GLIDER, WERE FORCED DOWN TO THE DANGER-OUSSLY LOW FLYING LEVEL OF 1500 FEET.



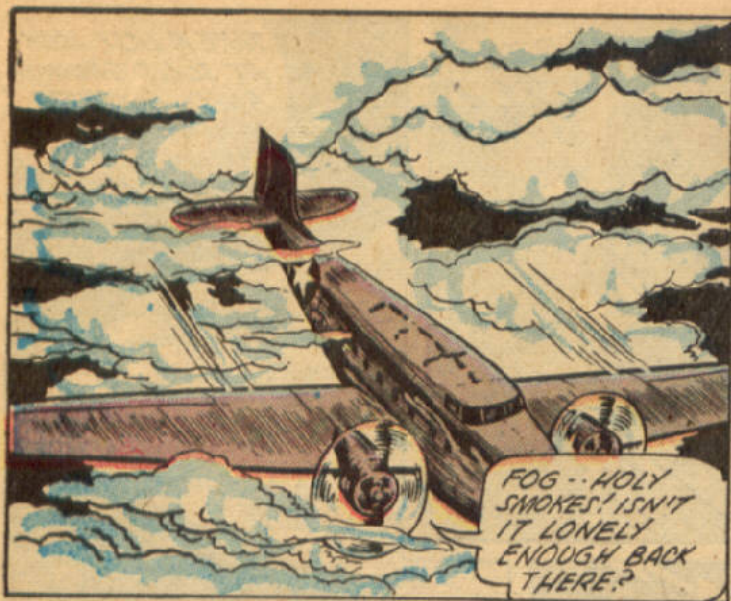
WEATHER'S CLEARING A BIT BUT OUR REAL HEADACHE IS ONLY STARTING...



SIGN OFF, FELLOW--ENTERING SUBMARINE ZONE...NO MORE RADIO CONVERSATION! FOR THE DURATION!

OKAY--  
"IN MY SOLITUDE..."

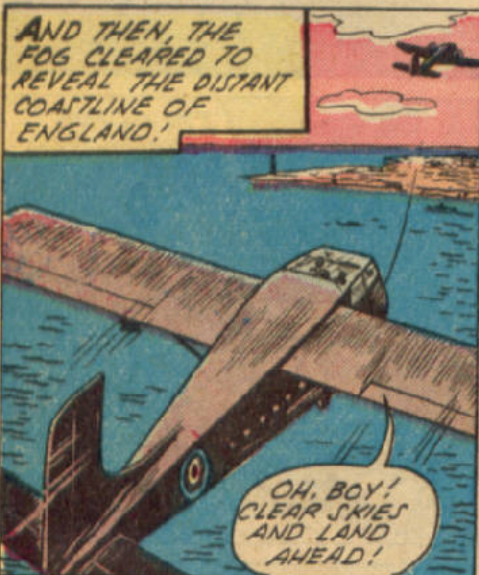




FOG -- HOLY  
SMOKES! ISN'T  
IT LONELY  
ENOUGH BACK  
THERE?

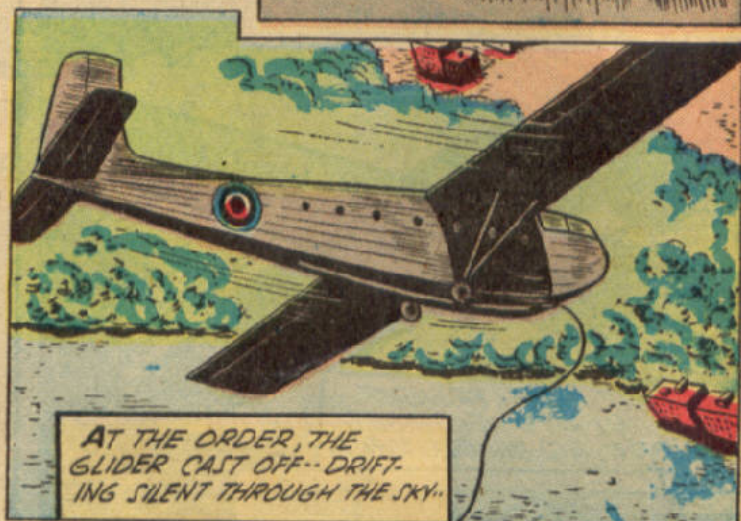


FOR HOURS, THE  
ONLY MEANS OF  
TELLING THE  
POSITION OF THE  
GLIDER WAS BY  
STUDYING THE  
ANGLE OF THE  
TOW ROPE!

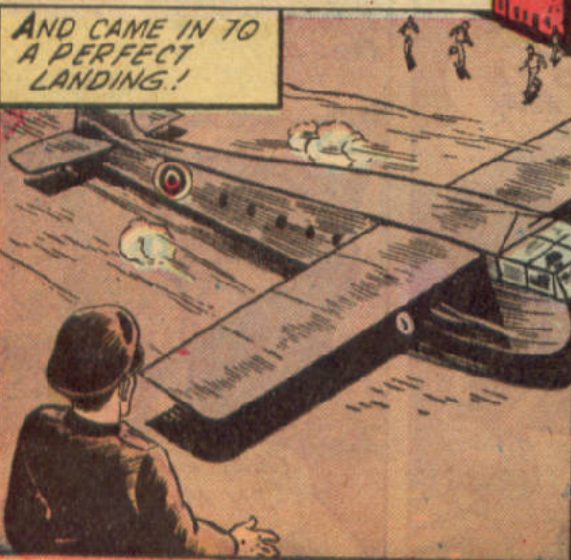


AND THEN, THE  
FOG CLEARED TO  
REVEAL THE DISTANT  
COASTLINE OF  
ENGLAND!

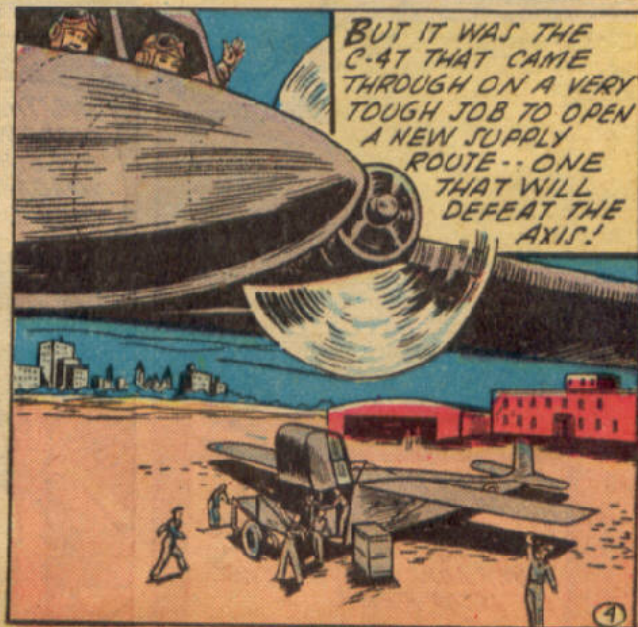
OH, BOY!  
CLEAR SKIES  
AND LAND  
AHEAD!



AT THE ORDER, THE  
GLIDER CAST OFF-- DRIFT-  
ING SILENT THROUGH THE SKY--



AND CAME IN TO  
A PERFECT  
LANDING!



BUT IT WAS THE  
C-47 THAT CAME  
THROUGH ON A VERY  
TOUGH JOB TO OPEN  
A NEW SUPPLY  
ROUTE-- ONE  
THAT WILL  
DEFEAT THE  
AXIS!



# KRISKO *and* JASPER

TO ALL CO'S IN EVERY OPERATIVE SECTION: BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR TWO MEN... ONE SHORT AND FAT, THE OTHER TALL AND SKINNY-NAMES, KRISKO AND JASPER - LAST SEEN IN SOUTH PACIFIC OPERATING A CAPTURED TWO-MAN SUB NAMED BLUE BOLT - SEIZE THESE TWO MEN AND HOLD THEM -- CONTACT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT - THAT IS ALL

CALL THE ENSIGN, J.G.!

YES, SIR, CALL THE ENSIGN, WARRANT!

YES, SIR! CALL THE ENSIGN C.P.O.!

CALL THE ENSIGN, SAILOR!

CALL THE ENSIGN, MATE!

JACK A. WARREN.

ENSIGN, DIDN'T WE CAPTURE TWO MEN IN A TWO-MAN SUBMARINE NAMED "BLUE BOLT"?

BRING THEM TO ME, AT ONCE!

YES, SIR!

HERE THEY ARE, SIR - THEY WERE PUT IN IRONS FOR TRYING TO RUN AWAY IN THEIR TWO-YES, THEY MUST BE DESPERATE MEN--THE NAVY DEPARTMENT WANTS THEM!

CLANK! CLANK!

CLANK! CLANK!

WHAT ARE YOUR TRUE NAMES?

THESE ARE THE MEN WANTED!

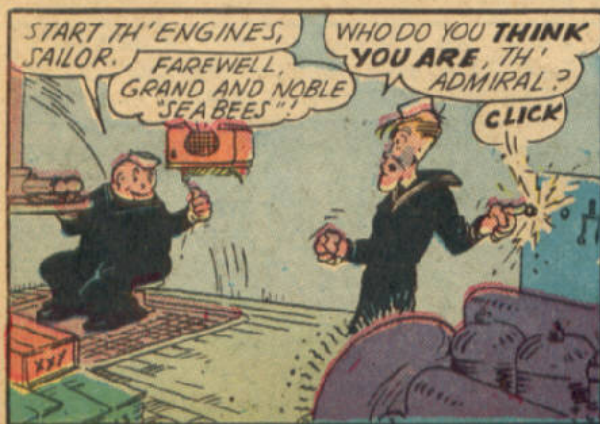
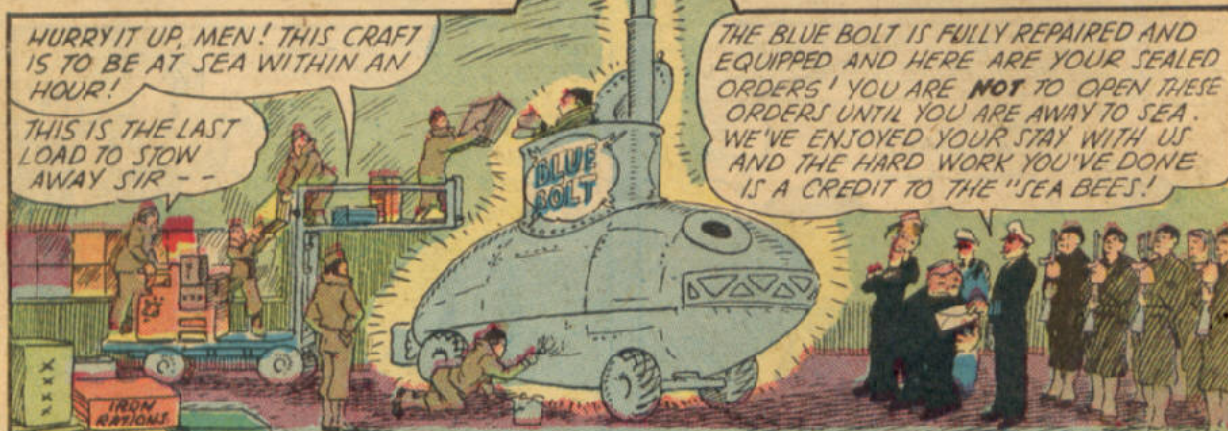
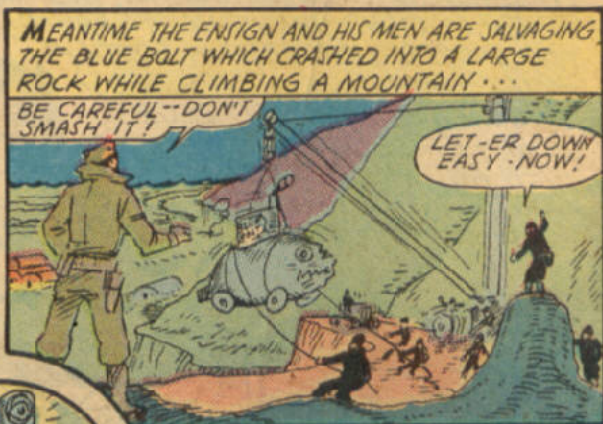
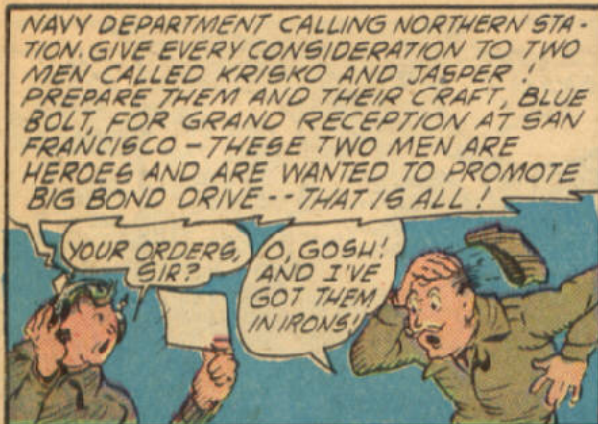
KRISKO!

JASPER!

NORTHERN SECTION CALLING NAVY DEPARTMENT--WE HAVE TWO MEN NAMED KRISKO AND JASPER WAITING YOUR ORDERS -- THAT IS ALL!

I'LL GET A CITATION FOR CAPTURING THESE TWO DESPERATE MEN--THEY'RE SPIES, NO DOUBT!







9 HOURS OUT, AND NIGHT SETTLES DOWN  
OVER THE NORTHERN WATERS . . .

HEY, JASPER, SHUT DOWN TH' ENGINES - I'VE  
GOTTA IDEA - LE'S TALK IT OVER.

YOU'D BETTER  
FORGIT **YOUR** IDEAS -  
THEY ALWAYS GIT  
US INTO TROUBLE!

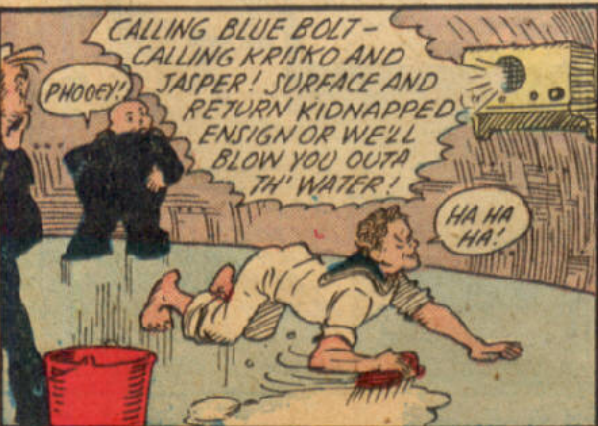
IRON  
RATIONS

SH-H-H-THERE HE IS - HE'S IN HIS PAJAMAS  
READY TO HIT TH' BAG -- WHEN HE  
DOWSES TH' GLIM, YOU REACH IN  
TH' WINDOW AND HAUL HIM  
OUT THEN WE'LL CARRY  
HIM DOWN TO TH'  
BLUE BOLT!

BUT OTHER EYES WATCH...

I DON'T KNOW 'BOUT  
THIS... WE MAY GIT INTO A  
LOT OF TROUBLE KIDNAPPIN'  
THIS SHORT HORN!

HA-HA - THERE  
GOES THAT TOUGH  
ENSIGN - HA-HA!



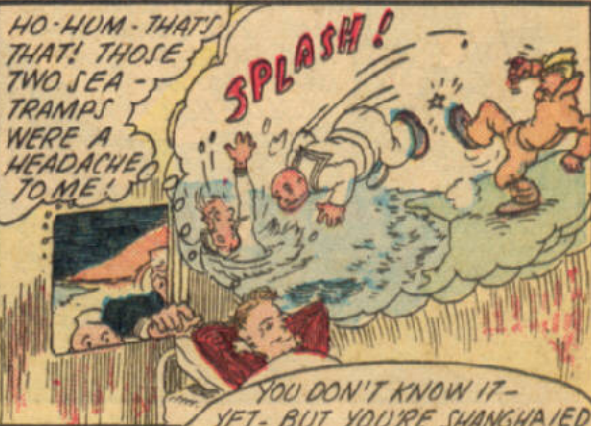
CALLING BLUE BOLT -  
CALLING KRISKO AND  
JASPER! SURFACE AND  
RETURN KIDNAPPED  
ENSIGN OR WE'LL  
BLOW YOU OUTA  
TH' WATER!

PHOOEY!

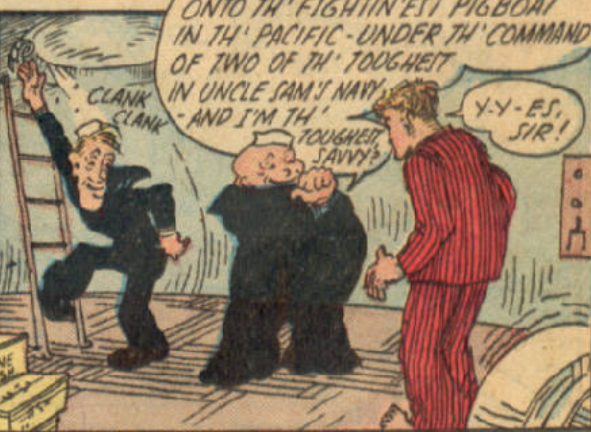
HA HA  
HA!

HERE'S TH' IDEA -- WE NEED A BIGGER CREW...  
LE'S GO BACK AND SHANGHAI THAT ENSIGN  
TO DO TH' HEAVY WORK FOR US.

BI-GOSH THAT'S ONE  
GOOD IDEA OF  
YOURS - LE'S  
GO!



YOU DON'T KNOW IT -  
YET - BUT YOU'RE SHANGHAIED  
ONTO TH' FIGHTIN' EST PIGBOAT  
IN TH' PACIFIC - UNDER TH' COMMAND  
OF TWO OF TH' TOUGHEST  
IN UNCLE SAM'S NAVY -  
AND I'M TH' TOUGHEST  
SAVVY?



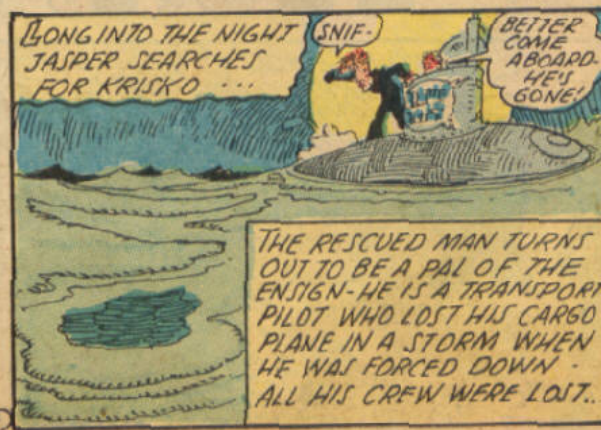
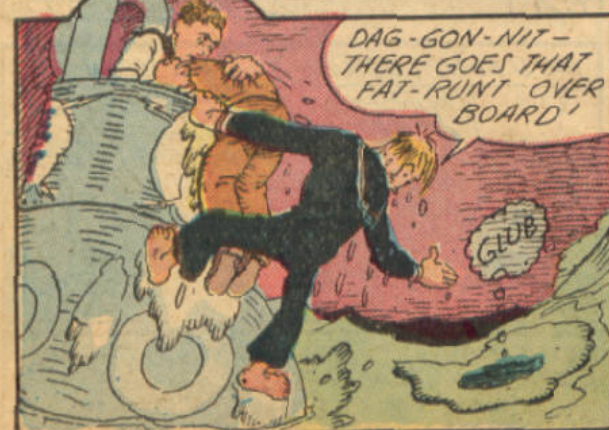
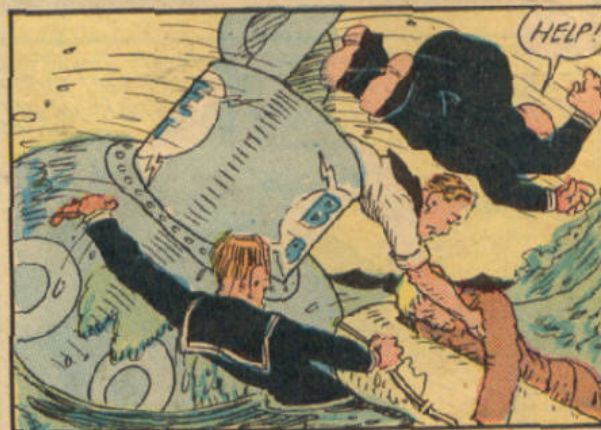
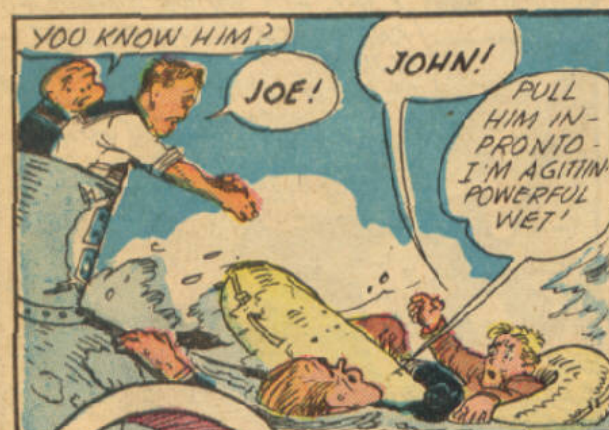
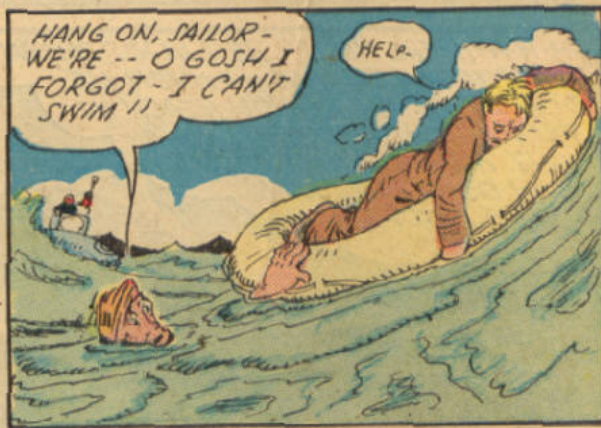
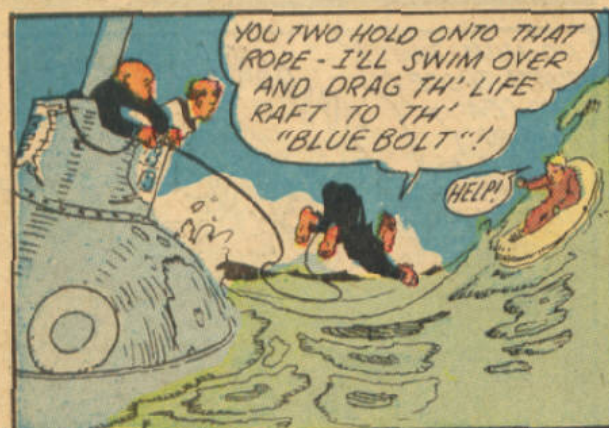
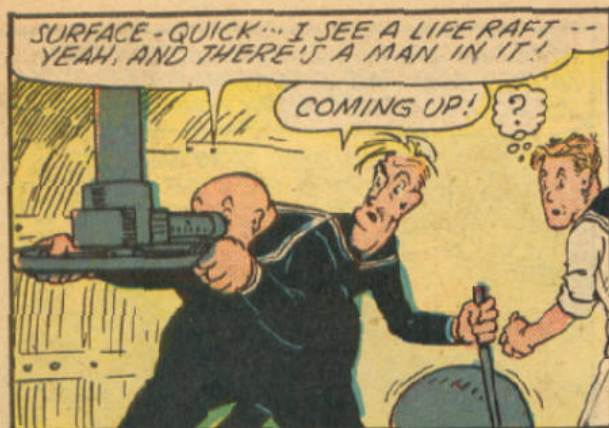
YOU'D BETTER RETURN ME - OR ELSE -

PHOOEY ON THEM ORDERS!  
NO RETURNIN' TO THAT  
PICK AND SHOVEL STUFF  
AND YOUR BOSSIN' US  
ROUND - SO GIT BUSY  
AND SWAB - SWAB!

SNAP

I DON'T KNOW  
BOUT THIS - MAYBE  
WE SHOULD THROW  
HIM OVERBOARD!





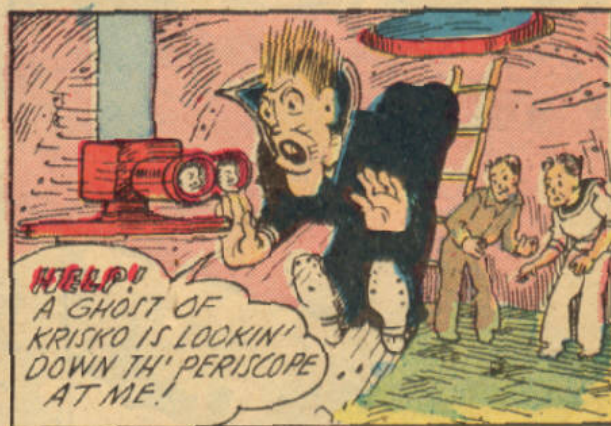
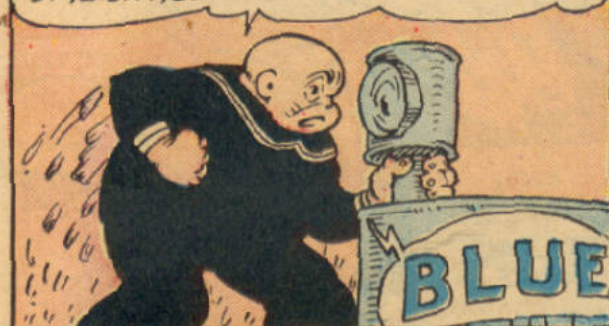


JASPER HAS GIVEN UP HOPES - OF EVER SEEING KRISKO AGAIN - BUT - - -

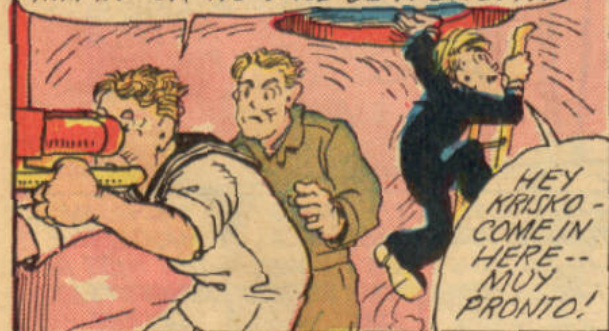
WHEN I GET BACK INSIDE, I'M GONNA WORK THAT LONG LEAN LANKY-BEAN POLE OVER - I'LL - I'LL -



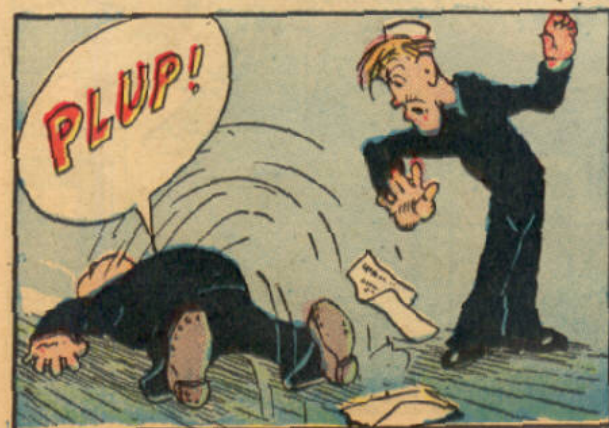
HEY, YOU DOWN THERE - OPEN TH' HATCH! IT'S COLD OUT HERE - OPEN UP, I SAY, OR I'LL SMACK YOU DOWN!



THAT'S NO GHOST - THAT'S KRISKO ALIVE - OPEN THE HATCH AND DRAG HIM IN - OR HE WILL BE A GHOST!



WELL NOW, ADMIRAL, THAT YOU'RE SAFE ON BOARD - YOU'D BETTER OPEN THOSE SEALED ORDERS AND FIND OUT WHERE YOU'RE HEADIN' FOR!

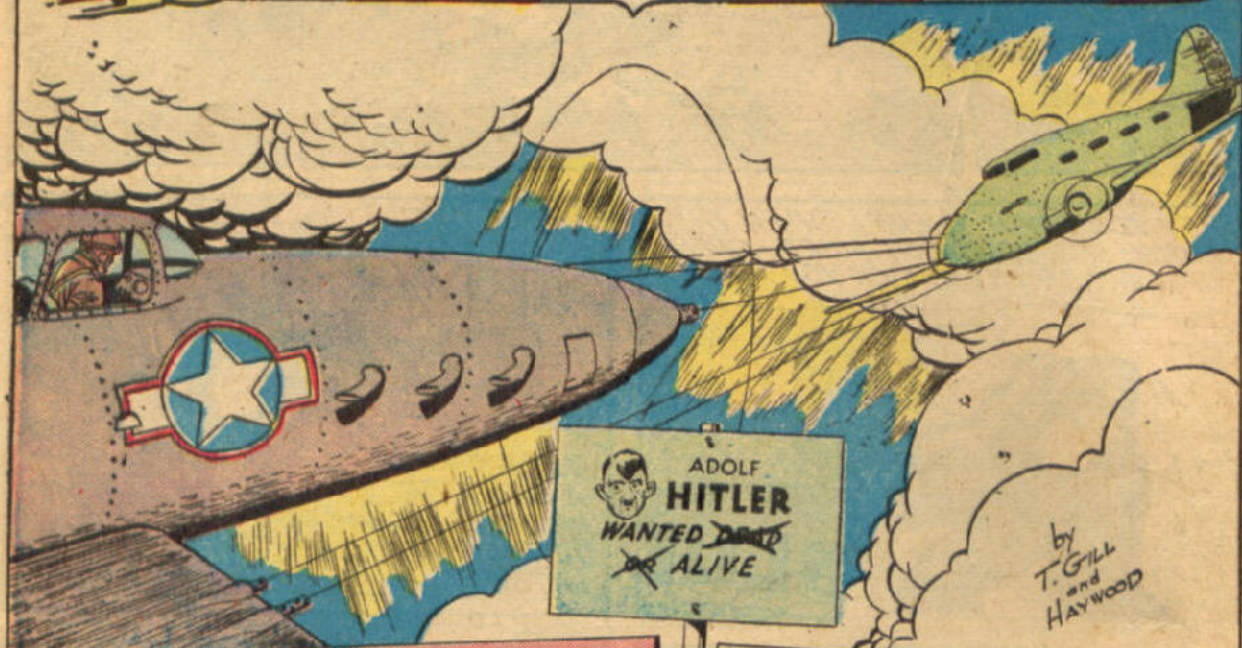


HOW CAN THEY FOLLOW OUT THESE ORDERS WITH A KIDNAPPED ENSIGN ABOARD THEIR "BLUE BOLT" BATTLE WAGON... DON'T MISS NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE!



# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



**A** AMERICA'S WAR LEADERS HAVE DECIDED TO CAPTURE ADOLF HITLER AND HOLD HIM AS A HOSTAGE, IN ORDER TO HASTEN THE END OF THE WAR. IT IS THE ARMY'S JOB, AND UNKNOWN TO BLUE BOLT, HE AND OTHER FLIERS ARE BEING TESTED FOR THE GREAT ASSIGNMENT.

**B** LUE BOLT IS INTERRUPTED IN HIS MYSTERY TASK BY A DARING BAND OF GERMAN AGENTS-- BUT BEFORE HE IS THROUGH, THEY FIND THEY HAVE PICKED ON THE WRONG MAN--

**A**T ARMY HEADQUARTERS, TWO HIGH STAFF OFFICERS ARE TALKING:

THE BOARD OF STRATEGY HAS A NEW PLANE FOR MISSION X--

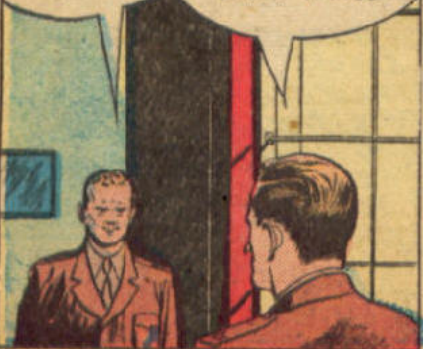
I UNDERSTAND IT IS RADICALLY DIFFERENT-- A FIGHTER WITH GREAT RANGE.

YES, AND I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOUR GUINEA PIGS FOR THIS BIG ASSIGNMENT TEST THE PLANE--

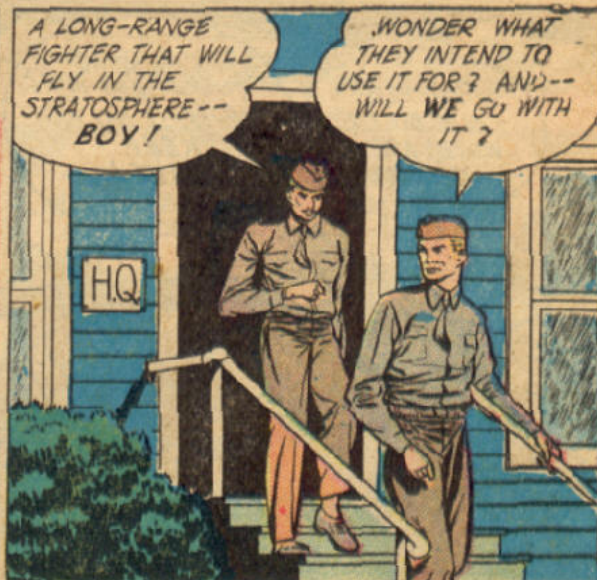
-- AND TEST THEMSELVES AT THE SAME TIME? GOOD-- I'LL HAVE THE ORDERS GIVEN.

L.T. BRACK? BLUE BOLT? YES, COLONEL, I'LL HAVE THEM START IMMEDIATELY--

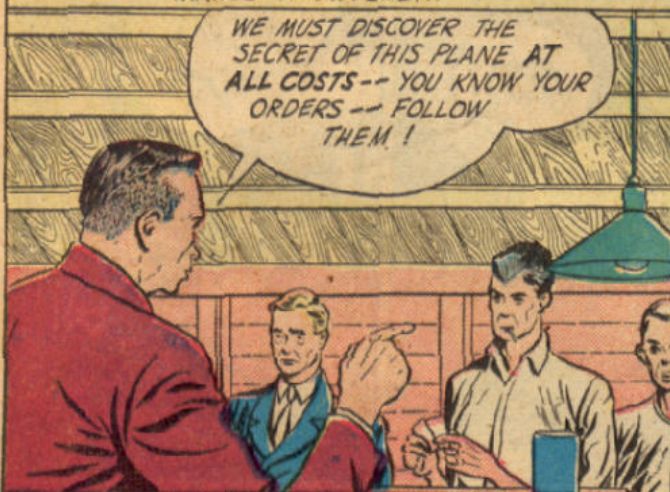
ABOVE ALL, MAJOR, THE TEST MUST BE ABSOLUTELY SECRET--



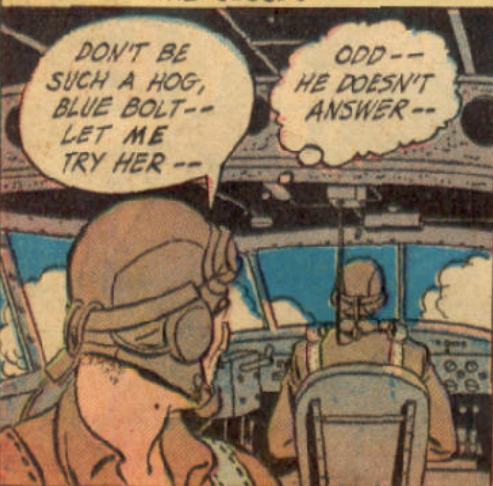




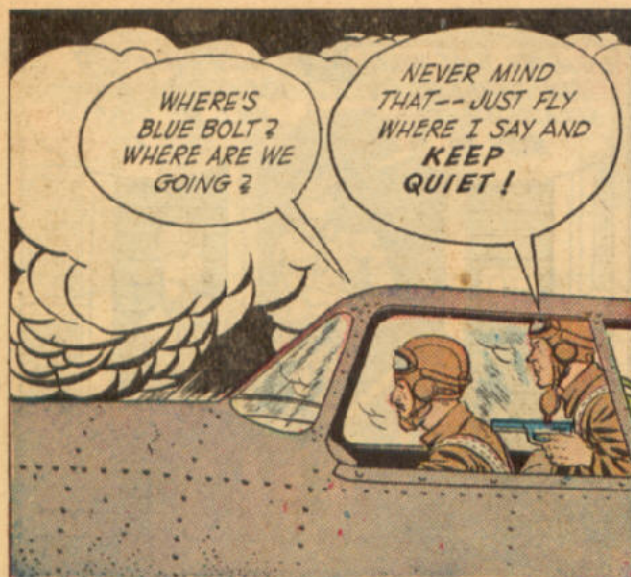
**B**UT OTHERS ARE INTERESTED IN THE NEW PLANE, TOO, AND WANT TO FIND OUT FOR GERMANY WHAT MAKES IT DIFFERENT --



**Q**UICKLY, THE PLANE IS IN THE AIR. IT CLIMBS RAPIDLY AND SPEEDS THROUGH THE CLOUDS --



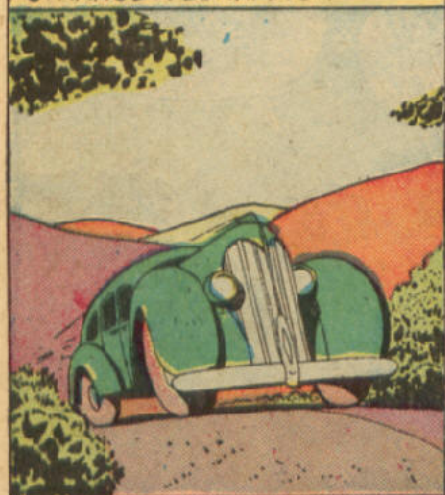




WHERE IS BLUE BOLT? HE DOESN'T KNOW, EITHER-- BUT HE KNOWS HE WAS SLUGGED ON THE WAY FROM HIS LOCKER AND THAT HE IS BEING TAKEN SOMEWHERE IN A BIG CAR.



THROUGH THE QUIET COUNTRY-SIDE, BLUE BOLT IS SPED TO A STRANGE DESTINATION --

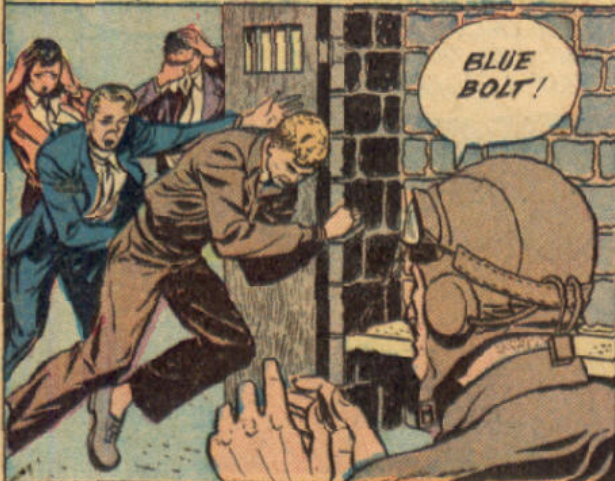


SO-- SUPPOSE YOU TELL US ALL ABOUT THAT LITTLE PLANE OF YOURS, EH?





**B**UT BLUE BOLT WON'T TALK • DESPITE THE BEST METHODS OF THE GESTAPO, HE REFUSES TO CRACK, AND THE HITLERATS GIVE UP--



BLUE BOLT!

**T**HE TWO FLIERS EXPLAIN HOW EACH REACHED THEIR STRANGE PRISON, BUT THE PROBLEM NOW IS--



REMEMBER ME TO GIVE YOU THE NAME OF MY DENTIST--



SIT HERE AS IF YOU WERE TIED-- WHEN THE GUARD ENTERS, MAKE A BREAK FOR IT WHILE I TACKLE HIM--

IF IT WORKS--



THE SCHEME CLICKS-- AS BLUE BOLT THROTTLES THE GUARD, THE OTHER FLIER BREAKS FOR FREEDOM--



COME ON IN-- I STILL HAVEN'T HAD ENOUGH EXERCISE--



THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT, AND BLUE BOLT IS SUBDUED • BUT HIS COMPANION HAS ESCAPED •

YOU FOOLS HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING-- BUT THIS ONE WON'T GET AWAY • HE WILL DIE, AND HIS SUPER PLANE WILL DIE WITH HIM!





WE'VE EXAMINED THE SHIP FROM PROPELLOR TO TAIL, WITHOUT FINDING ANYTHING-- WANT TO TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW, OR DO YOU WANT TO CRASH IN IT?

GOTTA CRACK UP SOMETIME, I SUPPOSE!



BAH! WE'VE GOT ALL BUT A FEW DROPS OF GASOLINE TAKEN OUT-- WHEN IT'S GONE YOU'LL CRASH, AND THE ARMY WILL THINK THE TEST A FAILURE--

MY, BUT YOU'RE CLEVER!



WE GOT THE OTHER ONE-- IN THE WOODS-- RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES--

POOR BRACK! IT'S UP TO ME, NOW--

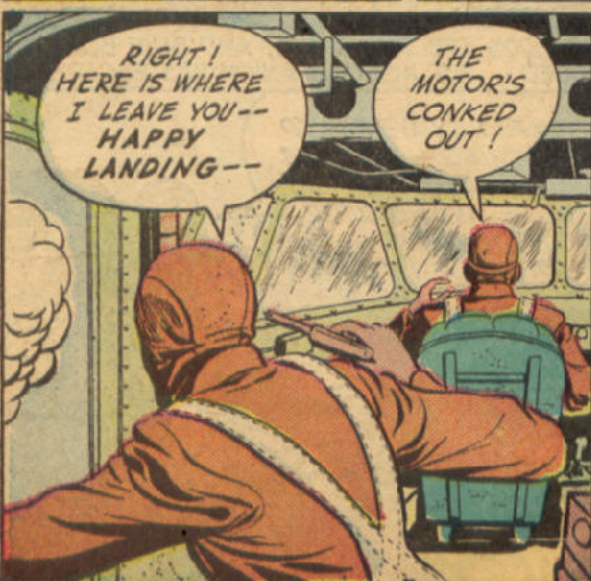


HERE'S YOUR PARACHUTE-- WE RIPPED IT, AND IT WON'T WORK, BUT YOUR BODY WOULD LOOK SUSPICIOUS, WITHOUT IT.

THANKS, PAL!

YOU HAVE A SURPRISE COMING SCHICKELGRUBER!

**B** LUE BOLT COULD CRASH THEM BOTH INTO THE WOODS-- BUT HE KNOWS THE PLANE'S SECRETS--



RIGHT! HERE IS WHERE I LEAVE YOU-- HAPPY LANDING--

THE MOTOR'S CONKED OUT!

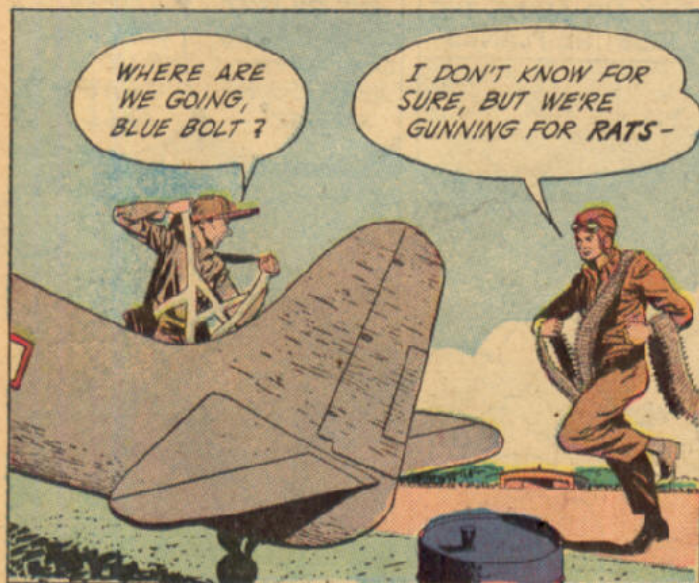
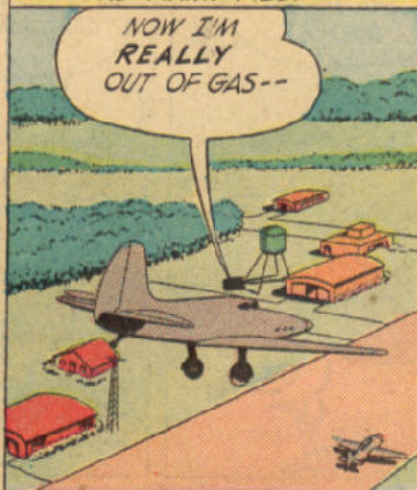


**A** LONE IN THE PLANE, BLUE BOLT REACHES FOR THE HIDDEN SWITCH THAT OPENS A CONCEALED FUEL TANK-- (5)

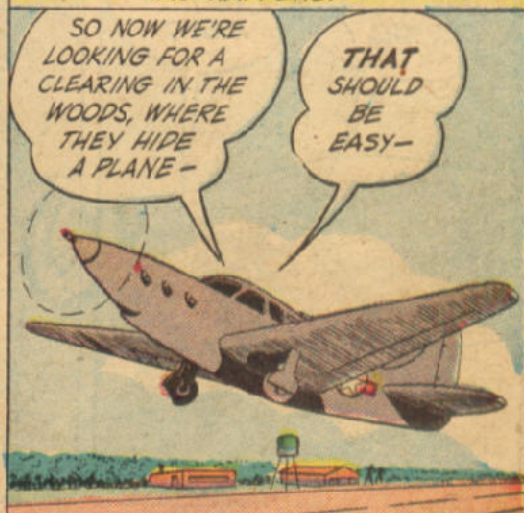




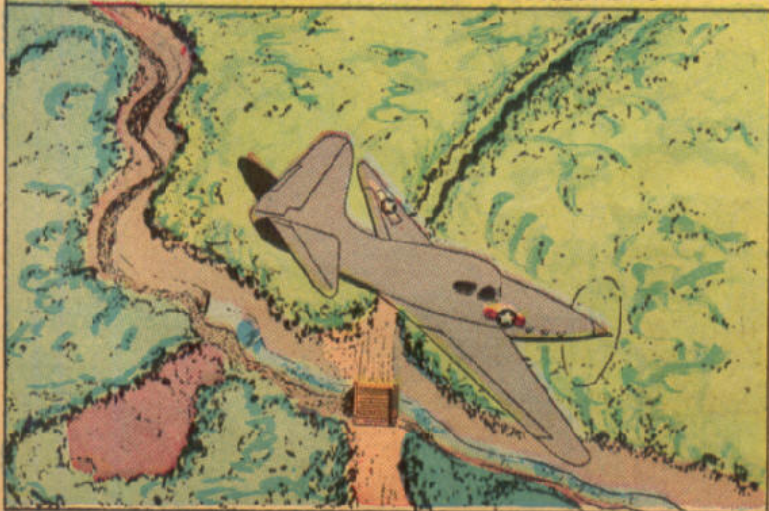
**N**AVIGATING BY INSTINCT, BLUE BOLT FINALLY REACHES THE ARMY FIELD.



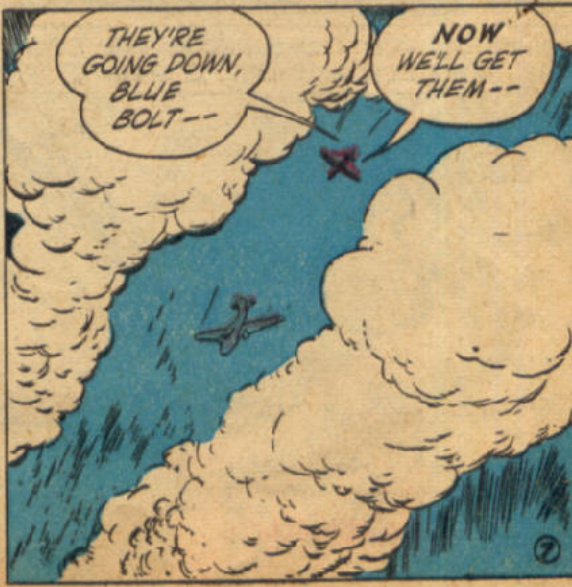
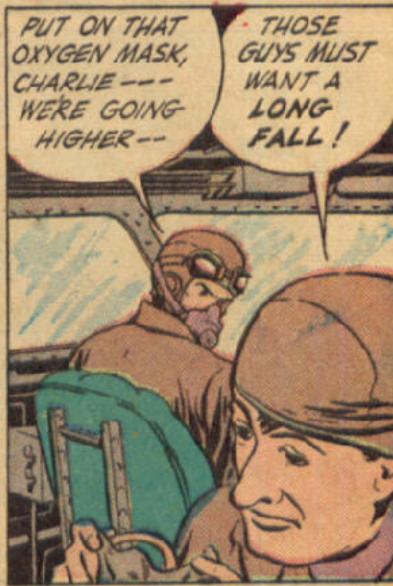
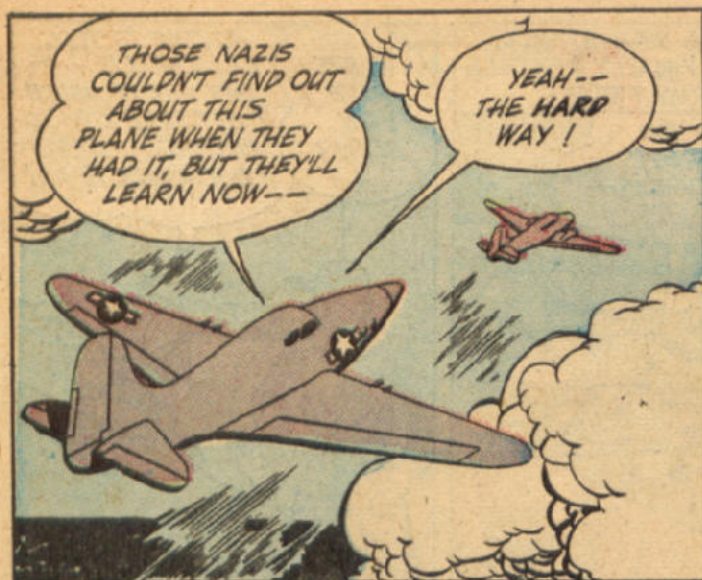
**B**LUE BOLT TELLS CHARLIE WHAT HAS HAPPENED--



**T**HEY SEARCH THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY IN VAIN-- THE SABOTEUR HIDE-OUT IS WELL CONCEALED...



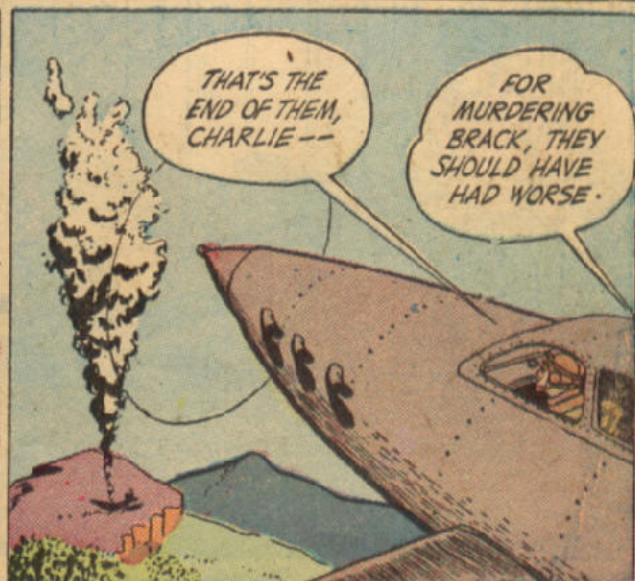
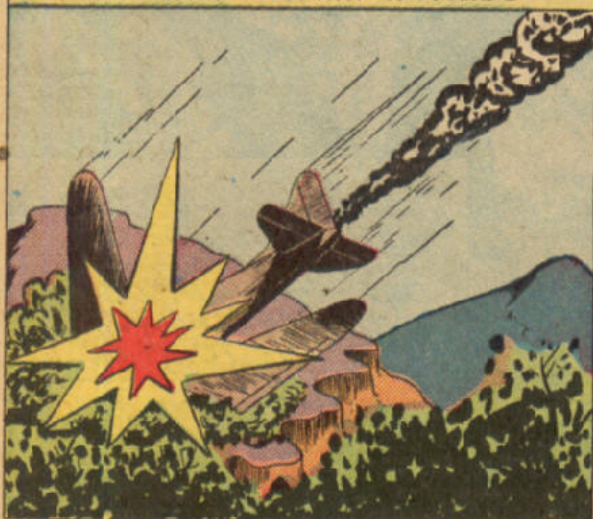








-- BUT IT IS A LOSING BATTLE FOR THE NAZIS, AND THEY CRASH TO EARTH IN FLAMES --



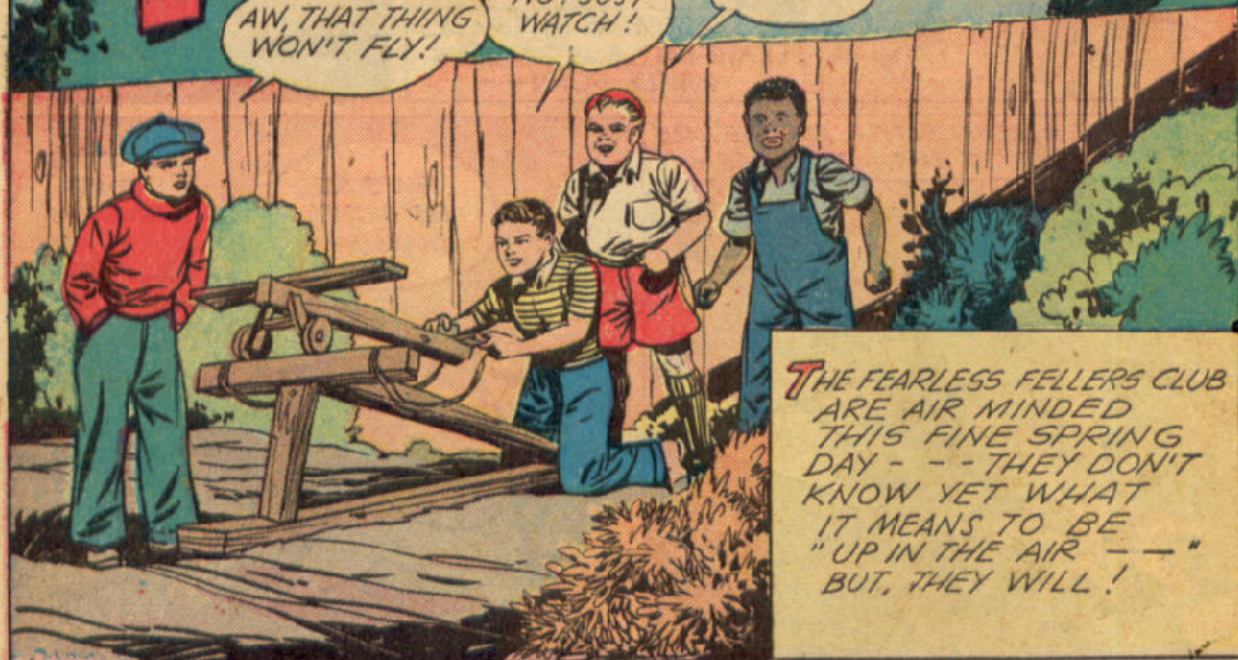


# FEARLESS FELLERS

AW, THAT THING  
WON'T FLY!

NO? JUST  
WATCH!

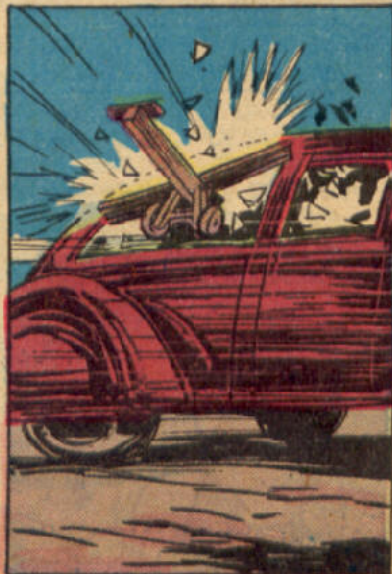
LET IT GO,  
CHUCK!



*THE FEARLESS FELLERS CLUB  
ARE AIR MINDED  
THIS FINE SPRING  
DAY - - - THEY DON'T  
KNOW YET WHAT  
IT MEANS TO BE  
"UP IN THE AIR - -"  
BUT, THEY WILL!*

SEE... IT FLIES!

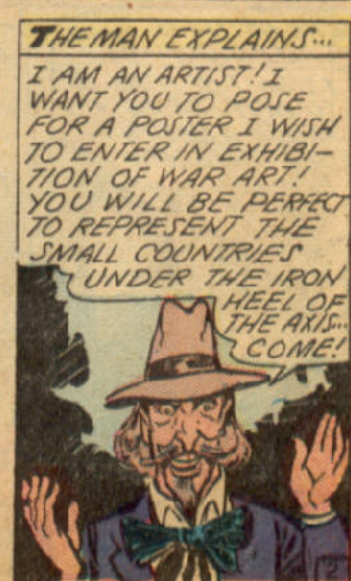
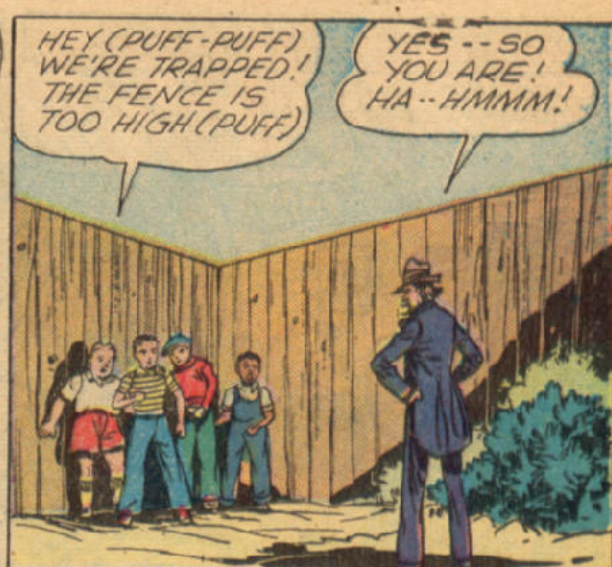
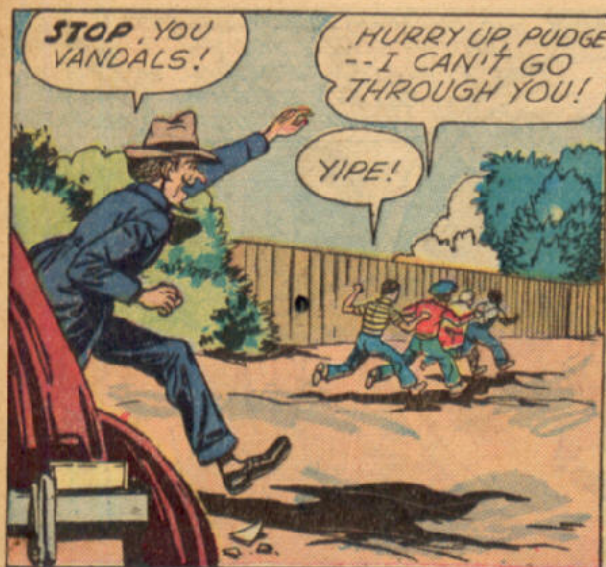
HOT ZIGGETY!



LOOKS TUH ME LAK  
WE'D BETTER DO  
SOME FLYIN', TOO!









DOUBTFULLY, THE FEARLESS FELLERS  
ACCOMPANY THE ARTIST TO HIS STUDIO...

LOOK AROUND IF  
YOU WANT...I'LL  
BE READY IN  
A MOMENT!

HEY, LOOK  
WHAT I  
FOUND,  
FELLERS!

I'M READY  
NOW... JUST POSE  
AS YOU... YEOW!

INDIANS!! NO-NO! YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE TO  
REPRESENT POLAND,  
HOLLAND, BELGIUM  
AND, UH-- ETHIOPIA!

HEY...  
WE'RE  
AMERICAN

HUH?

THE ARTIST FINALLY POSES THEM... WITH  
DIFFICULTY!

HOLD THAT POSE FOR  
A FEW MINUTES!

MY ARMS ARE  
GETTING  
STIFF!

MINE  
TOO!

A LITTLE LATER...

THE PHONE--  
ALL RIGHT, YOU  
CAN RELAX  
AGAIN!

CAN WE  
SEE?

THE ARTIST IS  
CALLED OUT...

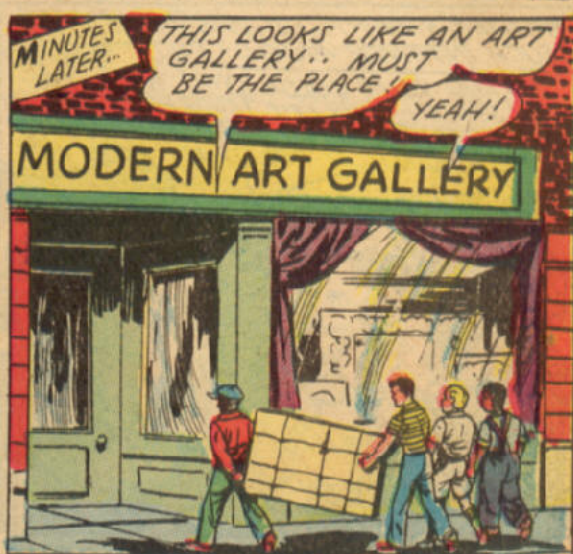
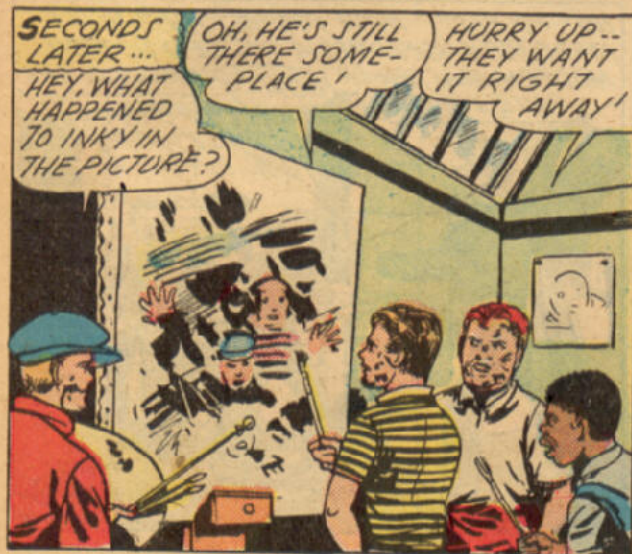
I WON'T BE LONG  
SO WAIT FOR ME!  
AND, IF A MESSENGER  
COMES, GIVE  
HIM THIS  
PAINTING  
HERE!

OKAY!

DID HE SAY  
TO GIVE  
SOMEONE A  
PAINTING?

YEAH-- HE SAID SOME-  
ONE WOULD BE AROUND  
TO GET THIS ONE. BUT...  
IT DOESN'T LOOK  
FINISHED, DOES IT?







BUT, WE HAVE NOT RECEIVED YOUR ENTRY YET! YOU SAID YOU'D SEND SOMEONE DOWN WITH IT!

UH, YES... OF COURSE!

I FEEL SICK!  
WHAT HAVE THOSE  
BOYS DONE...  
UH-OH... I  
WONDER!

YOU BRATS...GRR...I'D  
LIKE TO THROTTLE  
YOU WITH...

OH...  
THERE'S THE  
ARTIST NOW...  
MR. STEVENS!

AND YOUR COMMON  
SENSE-- WHY I  
ABSOLUTELY  
PAGAN!

YOU WILL WIN FIRST PRIZE -- NO DOUBT OF IT!

ER... YES... ER... THANKS! 'SCUSE ME!

NOT SO FAST... NOW YOU'VE MADE ME A GENIUS! A MODERN MASTER! A PRIZE WINNER!

AH THINKS WE'D BETTER DUCK GOOD THIS TIME!

AH THINKS  
 NE'D BETTER  
 DUCK GOOD THIS  
 TIME!

BUT I'D RATHER BE  
JUST A POOR PAINTER  
THAN HAVE YOU  
AROUND ALL THE  
TIME! I DON'T WANT  
TO BE A MAD GENIUS!  
BAH... GRR!

ONIGOSH.  
RUN' E

ALL  
TOL'  
HE HA  
BATS'

**THAT NIGHT...**

GOSH... IT MUST BE AWFUL  
TO BE A GENIUS!!

YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO WORRY, PUDGE!  
I SAW YOUR LAST  
REPORT CARD!

**Y**UP... ANYTIME THE FEARLESS  
FELLERS SHOW UP, THINGS START  
FLYING! JUST LOOK IN ON THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT!





The dignified grey-haired gentleman, wearing a derby hat and a dark coat with a velvet collar, came down the steps of the Randolph Manufacturing Corporation and started walking toward the bus stop at the corner. Before the war he had always stepped into a sleek limousine driven by his own chauffeur, but now the shiny automobile was resting on blocks in the garage and the chauffeur was serving gallantly in a submarine.

The dignified gentleman was Mr. R. Worthington Randolph, president of the Randolph Corporation. His plant had converted 100% to war work, and Mr. Randolph personally was doing everything possible to assist the war effort. Suddenly, "Whee-e-e"—a bicycle siren screamed! Mr. Randolph, startled, leaped aside as a bike came to a stop at the curb. Almost simultaneously another bicycle came around the corner, its bell ringing loudly. That wasn't all! More bikes hove into view, each ridden by a furiously pedaling youngster. Bells and sirens were clamoring. And from all the boys came shouts of "Mr. Randolph, Mr. Randolph!"

"What's all this about, boys," asked Mr. Randolph sternly, as soon as the clamor had subsided a bit. Although his voice was gruff, his eyes twinkled, and anyone could see that he had not forgotten the days when he had been a boy. Everybody started talking at once. Mr. Randolph raised a silencing hand.

"One at a time, boys. Suppose you, Jerry, explain the reason for this commotion."

"Well, Mr. Randolph, you see we're all in the drive to collect waste paper. We have two teams. I'm the captain of the Blues, Eddie is co-captain. There are eight other fellows on our team."

"And I'm the captain of the Reds," spoke up Butch, "with Stinky here as co-captain. Counting us, there are ten on our team, too."

"We're all collecting waste paper. It's really needed for the war." Jerry spoke fast to get this in.

"I know all about that," smiled Mr. Randolph, "it's needed for all sorts of war purposes, such as the manufacture of war weapons, bomb bands, airplane signals, medicine cases and a lot of other things. But why do you all come rushing around me? You know, I turned in eleven tons some months ago."

"Aw, gee, we thought sure you'd have some."

Twenty boys looked disappointed.

"Cheer up, fellows. I think I can help you after all. We just cleared out the east warehouse to install more war machinery and found about 800 old cardboard boxes for Randolph products that we are not manufacturing now. Four hundred boxes are square; the other 400 are cylindrical, like tall round hat boxes. The square boxes are not assembled. They are piled flat and would be easier to carry."

"Will you let us Reds have those, Mr. Randolph?" It was Stinky who spoke so quickly.

"Why, certainly I will, and you boys who call yourselves the Blues may have the round ones. See Mr. Webb at the east entrance and give him this note." Genial Mr. Randolph scrawled a note on the back of a card and handed it to one of the boys.

Mr. Webb had left the plant that night, but the boys came back the next afternoon right after school with carts, wheelbarrows, etc., to haul away the boxes.

"Gee, whiz," said Jerry to Edison Bell, when



they saw the boxes, "Stinky sure put over a fast one when he asked for the flat boxes. They're lots easier to carry, and besides those flat boxes are made of heavier cardboard. Their side gets more weight than ours."

Jerry was right. The Reds hauled away more poundage of waste paper in one trip than the Blues were able to get in four round trips. It was dark when Eddie and Jerry and their Blues finally stacked the last box in the empty garage where they were saving their paper.

Eddie Bell, always figuring how things could be made better, said, "I wish these boxes were tapered from top to bottom. Then we could have stacked one inside the other and could have hauled them much easier. They're not tapered, though. Their sides are just as straight as the sides of dad's wastebasket."

"Say, Eddie, that gives me an idea!" This time it was Jerry who came across with the "invention." Not only Eddie but all the boys listened attentively.

"This is a rip-snorter of a plan to haul in waste paper. Listen!" Quickly he unfolded his idea, while the boys grinned.

Right after school the next day members of the Blues showed up with a box of crayons and started lettering on the sides of the boxes. In a little more than an hour everyone of the 400 boxes had been labeled "Waste Paper For Victory!"

Then Edison Bell brought out a huge map which he and Jerry had made up the night before. Jerry explained the map to the boys. "Fellows, this map shows 400 houses. On the map 40 houses have Bill's name on them; 40 houses have Bashful Joe's name—we all have 40 houses each. Here's what we do." He gave them the whole program.

After Jerry finished his explanation the boys started out. Let's follow Bashful Joe just to see what happened.

The first house for Bashful Joe was the home of Mrs. Barton. Bashful Joe was a timid little fellow and it took a lot of courage for him to go to a front door and talk up when anyone answered. Of course, he shouldn't have been so timid, but he just couldn't seem to help it. His knees knocked together and his voice quavered when Mrs. Barton opened the door and said, "What is it?"

"M-m-m-mrs. Barton, we're t-t-trying to help in the waste paper drive. If you would put this box in your house and fill it with every scrap of waste paper you can find, I'll come back on Saturday and pick it up. Waste paper is important to the war effort, Mrs. Barton."

Joe wasn't embarrassed any more. He was thinking of the war and the need for paper, and he forgot about himself.

"Won't you help?"

"Of course I will, Joe. . . *Anything* we can do to bring the end of the war nearer is important! I've been reading in magazines and newspapers about how waste paper can help."

That's the way it was for Joe at all the other houses. It worked for all the other boys, too, and every member of the team reported 100% success.

When Saturday came the whole Blue team hauled around a trailer that Eddie Bell had assembled. They picked up basket after basket loaded with waste paper, as well as many other bundles.

When the drive was over, Butch, Stinky and the Reds had only the boxes they had picked up from Mr. Randolph and 110 extra pounds. Jerry, Eddie and the Blues had more than a ton of additional weight, over and above the weight of the boxes themselves.

Bashful little Joe, bashful no longer, explained it this way:

"Those boxes, with the signs on them, reminded everyone not only to fill the baskets but to save and tie up for us old magazines and newspapers, old wrapping cartons and all sorts of waste paper. It's wonderful the way people have joined in."

"We just made one mistake," said Jerry, "for we should have emptied the baskets and left them so people would continue saving paper."

Then came the surprise, in a statement from Stinky.

"It's not too late. You fellows on the Blue team did a neat job. Let's take the boxes back to the houses again. Every member of the Red team will help you this time. We'll forget about arguing among ourselves and all join together. Twenty boys working as a team can work twice as fast. What do you say?"

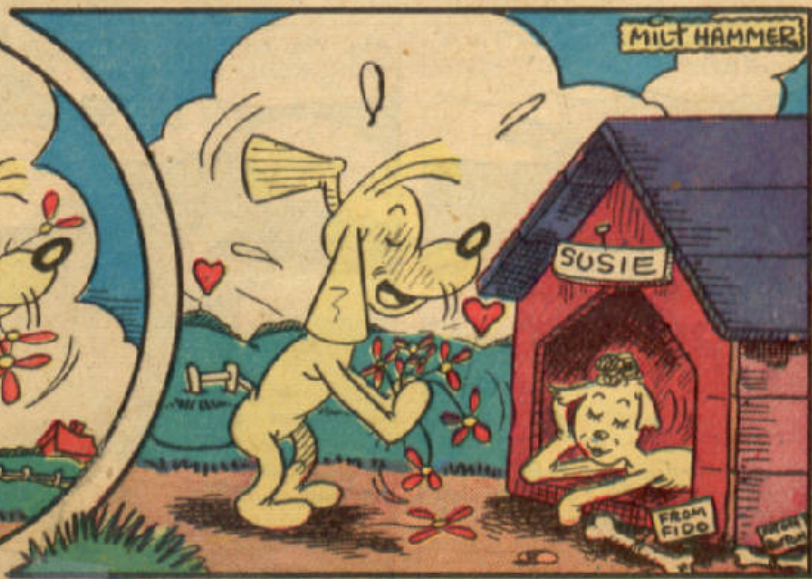
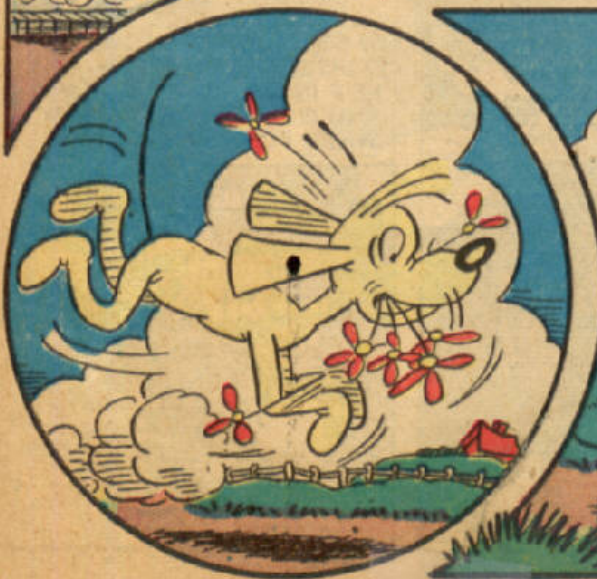
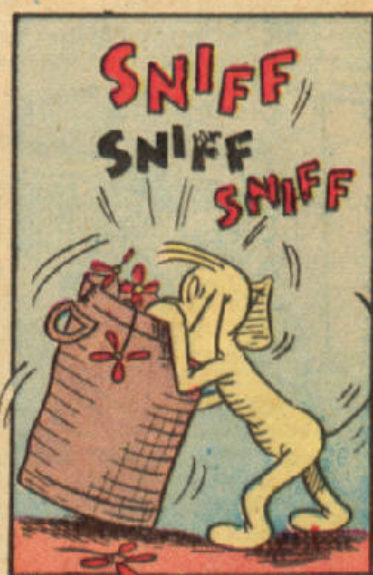
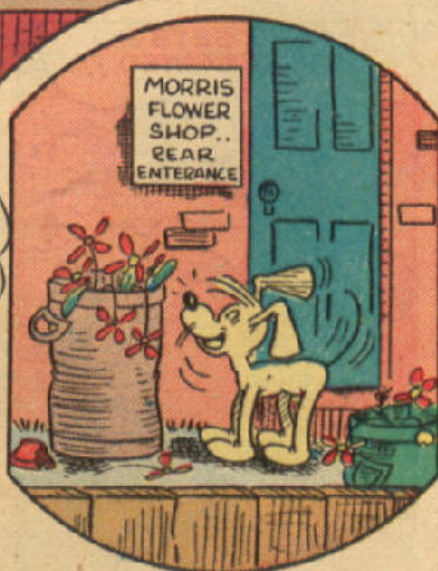
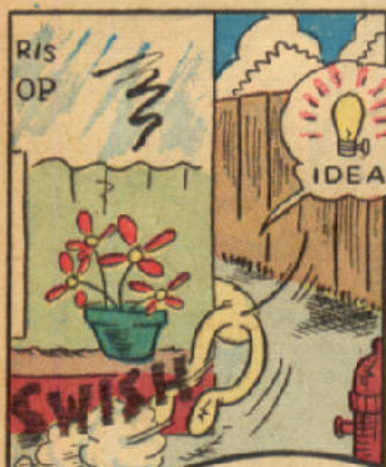
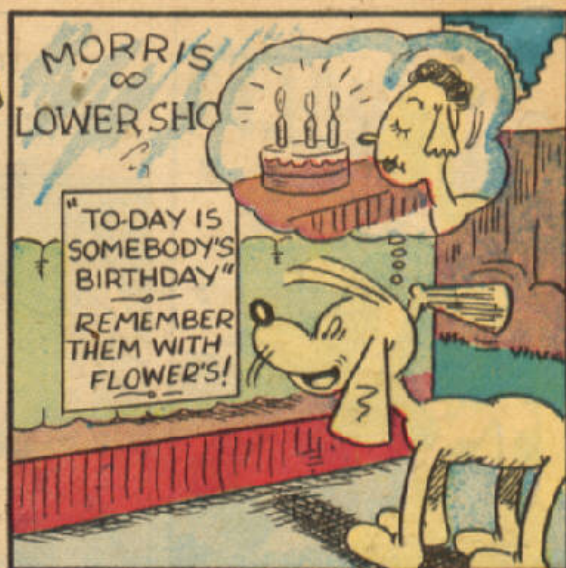
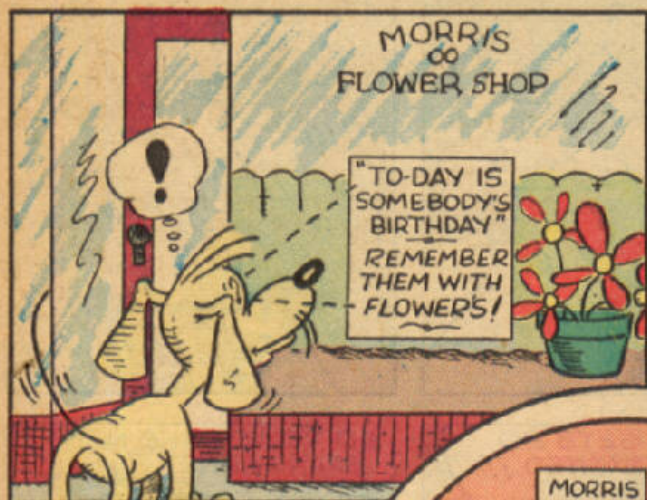
A chorus of cheers from the members of both teams showed that they were all in favor of Stinky's plan to keep on keeping on.

"It was tons of fun," Jerry and Stinky told Mr. Randolph when they called to report the results and to thank him for his contribution. Mr. Randolph smiled broadly as he said, "Great work, boys. Your cooperation and ingenuity are typical of America's spirit. The enemy can't expect to defeat a country like this, can they?"

The answer was a resounding "NO" from Jerry and Stinky. They shook hands on it.

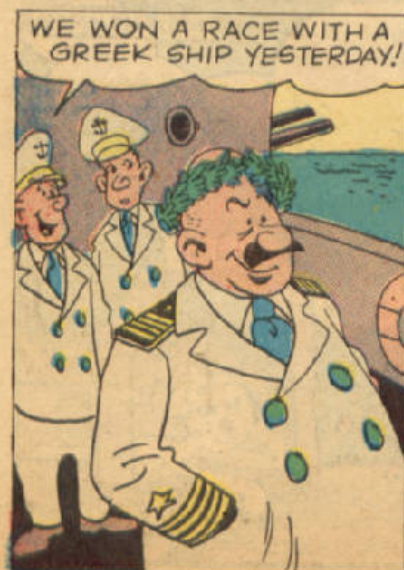
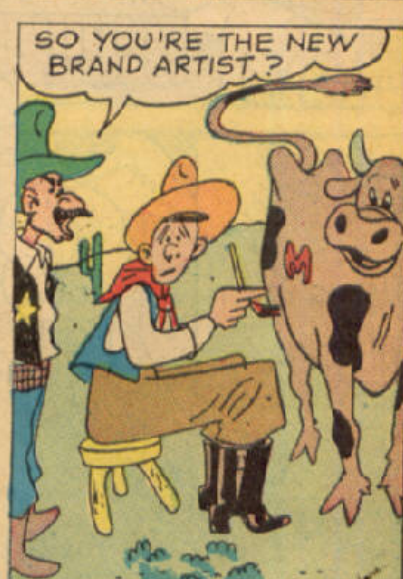


# SNIFFEY



# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS





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lation bat—also a Big League type  
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player" look. All for selling one order.



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Full size comb,  
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and powder  
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**BOYS!** Here's  
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you've  
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Leather belt, kerchief and larist—  
ALL for selling only one order.



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Full size,  
sweet-toned  
Ukulele, deco-  
rated with Ha-  
waiian scene. In-  
struction sheet **FREE**.  
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Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for in-  
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